HITCH

#9 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1995 • $3.50

Summer Movies '95:
The Good, the Bad and Chuck Norris

Country Music: Root of All Evil

My Life as an Underwear Model

Plasma Donation as an Occupation

TV Guide & You

Drugstore Horrors

Monkee Trouble

SSSHHHHHH!

Multiple Mean-Spirited Hasselhoff References Inside!

HITCH

WILL WORK FOR COLOR SCANNER

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HITCH is published six times a year, every two months, more often than not) by **HITCH** Publishing Empire, 5504 N. Tulsa Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73112. E-mail us at RLott@aol.com. **HITCH** welcomes anything for review, plus unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and/or artwork, but assumes no responsibility for them and won't return 'em without an SASE. **HITCH** is a not-for-profit work, with all revenues going toward printing, production, postage, distribution and supply costs.

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HITCH

#9 • OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 1995

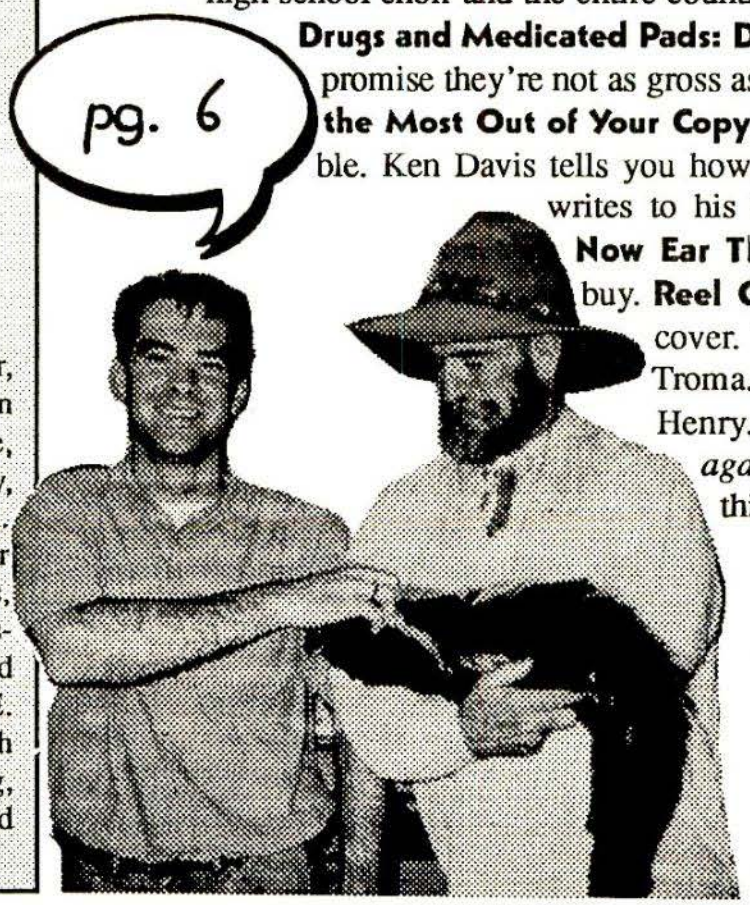
"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—Alfred Hitchcock

MAIN FEATURES

I'm Going Down to Cowtown/6 But next time, we're skipping the skunk guy. A he-man adventure by Rod Lott. **Brief Encounter/18** Prepare to see my package plastered on billboards. A he-man experiment by Rod Lott. **Summer Movie Madness!/20** You know it's a bad season when Chuck Norris helps kick it off. By Rod Lott. **Plasma Donation: Lazy Man's Dream or Needle-Ridden Nightmare?/24** Poor college students know it's good to the last drop. By Ryun Patterson. **Countryoids Invade America!/26** And there's not a damn thing we can do about it. By Ryun Patterson. **It's Not Just Their Hits That Are Big/28** Is it a coincidence that country music cuties have the greatest chart success? By Malena Lott. **Joe a-Go-Go/30** Including an interview with a bum. By Joe Rogers.

EVERYTHING ELSE

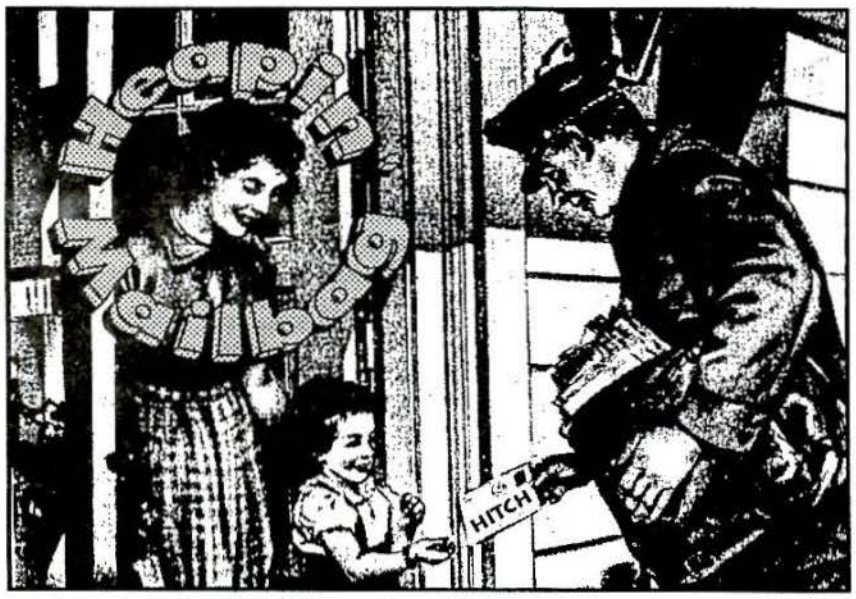
Heapin' Mailbag/3 Now featuring Hasselmail! **STATS/9** Yes, Virginia, cows have sex, too. By Rod Lott. **Last Train to Jerksville/9** The Monkees came to town and asked, "What Am I Doing Hangin' Round?" By Rod Lott. **Federally Funded Fun Facts/10** From Curious George to condoms. And you paid for it. By Rod Lott. **PRBS/11** *Baywatch* live! 'Nuff said? **Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews/12** A special all-sports-movie edition. By Tom Neesnan. **Ask Dr. Murphy, Robodoc/12** Because you complained, he's back. **HITCH Paparazzi/13** Backstage at **HITCH**apalooza. **Movietime!/13** As if you ever missed it. **The FBI's Fugitive of the Month/14** Not at all like the last one. **Greckle-Be-Gone/14** Or, how to kill birds legally. **Jim's Field of Dreams/15** In which the ex-Oriole insults his high school choir and the entire country of Japan. By Steve Hunt. **Sex, Drugs and Medicated Pads: Drugstore Horror Stories/16** We promise they're not as gross as the fast food ones. **How to Get the Most Out of Your Copy of TV Guide/17** Yes, it's possible. Ken Davis tells you how. **"Dear Mr. Clipson:"/19** Bob writes to his first prisoner. By Bob Clipson. **Now Ear This/29** More overpriced CDs to buy. **Reel Cheese/32** To further justify the cover. **Videos/34** Smell that? That's Troma. Reviews by Rod Lott and Chris Henry. **Reading Material/42** Yes, *again*! We actually read some books this month, too.



COVER

Chuck Norris (left) poses with silly dog. A nation laughs. "Ha-ha!" it says.

鍋貼
Pan Fried dumplings



Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *5504 N. Tulsa Avenue, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Or e-mail us at RLott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

Rod...

Course I saw the glowing review in *Factsheet 5* #55 and I forgot about it 'til I was watching *Naked Gun 2 1/2*, and there he was, the great Canadian crooner Bob Goulet...

Peter Stinson
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Hi **HITCH**!

Issue #6 is the first for me...wow! Very cool. Your "Summer Movie Preview" was just perfect! You're very fortunate to have the wisdom of the Robodoc, Dr. Murphy. And of course, *The Star Wars Holiday Special*...my god, I can't stop the tears!

I'll be a collector of **HITCH** now, so keep up the great work!

Todd Lesser
Reisterstown, MD

Rod:

I will soon be ordering some back issues for friends. I've been disseminating **HITCH** and, with some luck, you may receive subscription orders soon. Everyone I show it to likes it very much and is getting kicks and entertainment out of it. Liked the Chinese restaurant in **HITCH** 4 ("Snapped"). If you're scanning old FBI wanted lists, make sure you look out for "Nam Thang," a thoroughly frightening Vietnamese fellow. I tried stealing it from the post office, which caught me in an embarrassing situation.

I really liked **HITCH** 8, especially the McDonald's info ("The McDonald's FAQ"). I'll probably like it better once I get more than a B.M.'s chance to read it.

Glad you're having so much fun with **HITCH**. Those of us who hardly can catch even a passing smile from most commercialized humor hype can't help but guffaw at most of your novelties. Keep up the good work. I'm anxiously awaiting the next one.

John Scariano
Albuquerque, NM

Hello Rod!

Why, thanks for the two totally entertaining issues of **HITCH**. You put a lot energy into **HITCH**, I can tell, and it's admirable! Definitely one of the better written and produced zines I've seen.

Julie Peasley
Boulder, CO

Rod,

I enjoyed your trip to the voodoo bone manipulator ("A Trip to the Back Quack," **HITCH** 8) – excellent writing. The food stories ("Fast Food Horrors!") confirmed my worst fears. I'm always nice to food servers, even if they're idiots.

Dean Williams
Chicago, IL

Rod,

I put **HITCH** 7 right there by the master throne so both the misses and I could enjoy it. I really liked the letters to El Chico ("Dear Mr. Clipson:"). I'm going to subscribe for myself and for my brother in Ithaca, N.Y. He has that kind of humor.

Andy Rieger
Norman, OK

Sunday is zine-readin' day at Julie's.

Rod–

Fucking loved all the back issues, too! Enclosed is $20 for a subscription!

Jeffrey Zinger
Woodstock, Ontario, Canada

Hi,

I'm supposed to tell you I heard about your zine in *Factsheet 5*. I heard about your zine in *Factsheet 5*. There. Now send me a sub.

P.S.: If you turned the "d" around in Rod, your name would be even sillier.

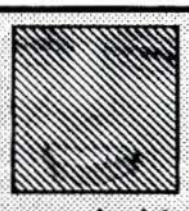
Rhoda Willing
Newark, DE

Maybe so, but your name reminds me of that episode of The Mary Tyler Moore Show *where Valerie Harper was really, really horny.*

Rod,

Issue #8 of **HITCH** was great. I read it pretty much straight through. It's one of the better zines I have seen in quite awhile. To be honest, so many zine writers have little to say and take a long time to say it. And then they use such small type of chaotic layout it can't be read. Nice to see a zine laid out and using type with the bifocal crowd in mind.

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY



So what if you were repulsed by last issue's double-whammy of a cover story and STATS installment? Are you all a bunch of weenies? At least one reader – and a *female*, at that – got it: "The latest **HITCH** is very vile, and I enjoyed it." So get over it, you wimps.

A few people are due thanks before we get *this* putrid edition rolling:

• Thanks to John Chilson for the great front-page article on **HITCH** in his monthly *Schlock*.

• Thanks to Adam Brooks for his great article on **HITCH** in *The Oklahoma Daily*. Isn't it amazing how a "mere college student" can get right what another local reporter, years out of school, completely botched?

• Thanks to Tiffany Wilken for thinking of and assigning Adam the above-mentioned article.

• Thanks to Taylor Wilken for volunteering to create **HITCH** Online, and then doing just that, no simple undertaking. Though I think it already looks great, Taylor wants to continually update and improve it, so keep checking it out every so often at http://www.ionet.net/~twilken/hitched.html.

• Thanks to my regular contributors, who don't get thanked enough. Most of them are my closest pals, who, once this thing goes big-time legit, will be rewarded with cushy jobs. Our latest valuable unpaid addition is Ryun Patterson, who, even though he cannot spell his first name correctly, is damn funny.

• Lastly, thanks to Taylor Holland for his design suggestions and ideas, many of which will be installed over the next couple of issues to come.

Okay; formalities are over. Let's get loopy.

✪ ✪ ✪

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GUY WHO STOLE THE WASHER AND DRYER FROM THE SIDE OF MY HOUSE LAST WEEK:

Hello, loser. I hate you.

I'm sure you were one of the four chipped-toothed men who stopped by my house over a three-week period to

I enjoyed your article on chiropractors ("A Visit to the Back Quack"). As a physician, I have mixed feelings about them. I find that I can't argue with their success in treating certain people with certain problems, but I have real problems accepting their "theories" as to why what they do works. And I believe that chiropractors who treat anything other than musculoskeletal problems are deceiving the public and possibly doing great harm.

Rich Sagall
Bangor, ME

Rod,

I really enjoyed **HITCH**. It's hilarious!!!

Jon
Olympia, WA

Dear Rod,

I read about **HITCH** in *Factsheet 5* and it sounds like something I'd like to see. I'm enclosing $3.50 for your latest issue and look forward to reading what you come up with next.

Bill
Grand Island, NY

Jon...Bill...thanks for writing, and I am praying for you nightly, in hopes that one day you will get last names.

Paul,

Love my brand-new **HITCH** 8. Chuckled heartily at "Hootie-O-Matic" and "Crystal Blue Conversation." I love being in the Heapin' Mailbag.

"Gabor Sister Egg Poll": Why?

Ronnie, You are the sunshine in my day and the lint in my pocket. You are my paradox. It's all turning out just like Willie Wonka said, "We are the makers of music and we are the dreamers of dreams."

Living vicariously through you,

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

Rod,

The things I learn from you, Mr. Lott of Oklahoma City. Can I be your prodigy? Your Socrates to Aristotle, if you will. Or is it your Aristotle to Socrates, or is it Plato? Ah, what the hell, you learned me good, in dat der zine of yours.

Regina Hiney
Bayonne, NJ

Rod,

Anyway, as always, I was delighted and amused by your fine little publication. God bless you and Steve both for the Hootie and the Blowfish lampoon ("Hootie-O-Matic," **HITCH** 8). Now, I don't hate them per se – that's not too far off though if I have to continue hearing their songs at the present rate of about 600 times a day – but I *do* hate it when any band gets so popular that you can't call yourself a red-blooded American without thinking they're God's gift to the world. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Also, keep those *Baywatch* features coming. I can't believe how stupid those people are!

Anyway, in addition to being delighted and amused, I was grossed out as well by the disgusting fast food horror stories ("Fast Food Horrors!") and tasty STATS photos. (And no, I wasn't consuming Ramen noodles, but the STATS column did almost make me lose my microwaved burrito.)

Chris Henry
Swainsboro, GA

To Rod–

Thanks for **HITCH** 8. I've been so busy schmoozing with Hollywood bigwigs that I've forgotten the little things, like **HITCH**. Ah, **HITCH**...where else can I find a TV pilot of an empty prison cell opposite a page of enlightening restaurant stories?

And the Leatherface interview ("Face to Face with Leatherface") was *choice*! Who knew such gripping information like on-set vomiting and three types of chainsaws? Only in **HITCH**.

Brian Musial
San Diego, CA

WWW.SUCKUP.COM

Rod:

I am responding to your **HITCH** home page, on which you mentioned a Crispin Glover article from a previous issue ("Up Close and Scary with Crispin Glover," **HITCH** 7). If you could tell me how to get a copy, I would be very appreciative. I am a big fan of his *Rat Catching*, but I am confused, because I do not know why.

Jwolz

Rod,

A friend referred me to **HITCH** Online and I just wanted to let you know that I was fired from the *Tulsa World* for laughing at my desk and for wetting myself and having multiple orgasms simultaneously,

which I know is biologically impossible, but a man can dream, can't he?

Anyway, I just wanted to say the web pages are wonderful and I can't wait to read more.

Omar Gallaga
Norman, OK

Hello,

I'm a recent college grad and work as a temp, usually doing shitty clerical work like filing, copying and shredding paper for $7 an hour. Sometimes I get lucky, however, like I am now, and get paid $10 an hour, eight hours a day, to do about two hours of work total – and that's on a busy day. The rest of the time I cruise around on the Internet. Today, I entered "sarcasm" into the NetSearch and was rewarded with a link to your site. I always feel a little guilty when "real" employees walk by and see obviously non-work related items on my screen. But I felt almost sinful as I read the **HITCH** excerpts and tried to muffle the laughter and wipe away the tears without disturbing those little worker bees around me. The articles cracked me up!

Written sarcasm is a difficult mode of communication; without the aid of vocal inflections and facial expressions, people either don't get it, misinterpret it or don't appreciate it. After having endless papers/ essays returned with comments from professors with poor senses of humor chastising me for being glib (and using passive voice) and, from stuffy profs with no sense of humor, simple, stark question marks in themargins, I know how few and far be-tween is the reward of successfully conveyed sarcasm.

I'm mailing my subscription check today. It's a great trade for $20 I made sitting in an office, with not work to do, playing on the computer, because I have to physically occupy this office instead of hanging outside in the beautiful California sun.

Thank you for bringing joy into my life.

Heather Beattie
San Diego, CA

HASSELMAIL

Hey Rod,

A friend of mine gave me your mag, and I was very impressed; the Mentos FAQ (**HITCH** 6) was hilarious. Please continue abusing David Hasselhoff ("Excerpts from David Hasselhoff's *Baywatch* Diary")! I'm so glad *Baywatch* reruns are on five days a week now, so we can all watch Pamela Anderson's silicone breasts rise and fall in slow motion every weekday.

Bob Konshak
Minneapolis, MN

Hey Rod,

Got the newest ish in the mail. What can I say that I already haven't before? Smashing. (I don't think I've used that word yet.) Dug the fast food horror stories ("Fast Food Horrors!," **HITCH** 8). Good god! Needless to say, I think I'll eat in tonight!

I thought I'd just pass this on to you: Sea World in San Diego is having a special *Baywatch* show, complete with lifeguards, water and, I'm assuming, Shamu the whale. This is big news around these parts. You should hear the promos with David H. What a mook!

There's also a local car dealer that's doing a promotion based around *Baywatch*. They've got this Toyota Landcruiser-type car driving around the beach driven by *Baywatch*-lookalikes (red shorts, white tank tops, etc.) that approach people, and if you can say the address of the car dealer, you win money! Pretty fuckin' scary!

John Chilson
San Diego, CA

Rod,

I just read my very first issue of **HITCH** – fucking great! Here in New Jersey, it is difficult to find places that stock many "good" zines – but you're available and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I work in modern rock radio and your instructions on how to be your very own Hootie & the Blowfish ("Hootie-O-Matic," **HITCH** 8) are hanging gleefully within an arm's reach of each and every FM 106.3, Modern Rock at the Jersey Shore, on-air employee (that's PC for "deejay"). It's attributed and everything, and, as a result, we all have something to laugh at off-air. You rule.

Jon Vena
New Jersey

WARNING! **HITCH** *in no way assumes responsbility for any mental damage, physical injury, emotional trauma or quivering orgasms caused by reading the contents within. Wait...okay, we'll take credit for the orgasms thing, but other than that, you're on your own.*

ask if I was throwing the appliances out. I told you "No." Is this word foreign to your vernacular?

I bet you were the guy who didn't even bother to get out of his truck to ask me, but rather pulled into my driveway and honked until I looked outside to see who was being the annoying bastard. I hate you. If, however, you weren't the honker, but simply the guy who used the phrases "I seen" and "we was," well...I hate you, too.

I hope that they fell off the back of your truck on your way home and landed on the hood of the car of a very wealthy man who can pursue heavy litigation and wring you for what little you're worth. Either that or I hope the damn things explode.

✪ ✪ ✪

On Aug. 9, Grateful Dead leader Jerry Garcia died at age 53, yet looking at least to be 68. One day later, this hilarious quote from a distraught fan hit the wire:

"What happens to a community when its messiah, when its icon, is gone?"

It means, idiot, that the show is over and every last Deadhead now has to get a life. It means those who have devoted the past couple of decades following the band around the nation now have nothing to do. It means millions of Deadheads, having no marketable skills (if you don't count bumming roaches and not bathing), are simultaneously learning how to say, "You want fries with that?"

Garcia was many things – a hippie, a dope-smoker, a coke-snorter, a heroin junkie, fat – but a *messiah*? And just what was his cause? Free pot?

Please. Embrace reality, get over the man's death and be sure to get my lunch order right.

✪ ✪ ✪

There's an error in the "Summer Movie Madness!" article, in which I refer to Roy Disney as Walt's brother, when he is, in fact, his nephew. I regret the error enough to call attention to it here, but other than that – considering it involves Disney – not really.

✪ ✪ ✪

Anna Nicole Smith, I am sorry to hear about your husband dying. You can come stay at my house now, but we don't have much to eat.

A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

I'm Going Down to Cowtown

By Rod Lott

Next time you find yourself on the corner of Kellogg and Rock in Wichita, Kan., wondering why this very intersection is home to *two* Pizza Huts, one right across the street from the other, do yourself a favor by dropping the imponderable subject and heading straight for the Old Cowtown Museum, just outside of the heart of the old downtown district.

For a mere five bucks, you can see what Wichita was like a hundred years ago, before the days of VCRs and even indoor toilets. Cowtown is an authentic reconstruction of 19th century Wichita, complete with real, live 1990s people wearing 1890s clothing and acting like total buffoons by assuming – nay, *becoming* – their roles. You are free to laugh at them as much as you want, provided you pay admission.

This summer, I took in this he-man adventure with Wichita resident/**HITCH** scribe Ken Davis and "the wives." Excitement loomed in our hearts when we read in the morning paper that a Victorian funeral would be re-enacted on the grounds that very afternoon, right before our history-starved eyes. This bit of privy info was again relayed to us via the withered, ticket-window woman, who I'm sure was named Marge.

"And we're going to have a Victorian funeral at 3:45," said Marge as she grabbed at our $10 bills.

"Oh, good! That's what we came for!" Ken exclaimed.

"Is it a real funeral?" I asked her.

"Um...it's a Victorian funeral," the Medicare-eligible woman stammered.

"Yeah, but is it real? Is there an actual dead body involved?" I pressed on.

"Um...it's closed-casket," she said, skirting the issue. "You won't be able to see anyone in the coffin."

"That doesn't really answer the question, does it?" I asked Ken, who agreed the old bag had something to hide.

Our first stop was the general store, followed by the jail. Even though the latter was built in 1870 – which was before I was born, if you're curious – I was amazed to note that, from reading the graffiti on the log walls, many of Wichita's crime-committing forefathers were hip to that blasted rock 'n' roll music that the kids today like so much, including the Smiths and Nirvana.

At the blacksmith shop, a blackboard on the door beckoned – albeit in painstakingly scrawled chalk lettering – for us to "COME ON IN," so we did, and were greeted by Cowtown's truly authentic blacksmith, who I believe just hit puberty the week before. As he discussed his metal clamping tools with all the enthusiasm of an anvil, I noticed his voice cracking awkwardly, *a la* Peter Brady. I thought to myself that there was no way this boy could be a real blacksmith; he's still young enough to be in Menudo, for Chrissake.

Not only did he lack pubic hair (and, *yes*, I'm assuming here), but he also possessed no detectable sense of humor. When he explained that he wouldn't be setting a wagon wheel that day because the task required four to five men, I graciously offered to pitch in.

"Ah, but do you have any experience setting wheels?" he asked.

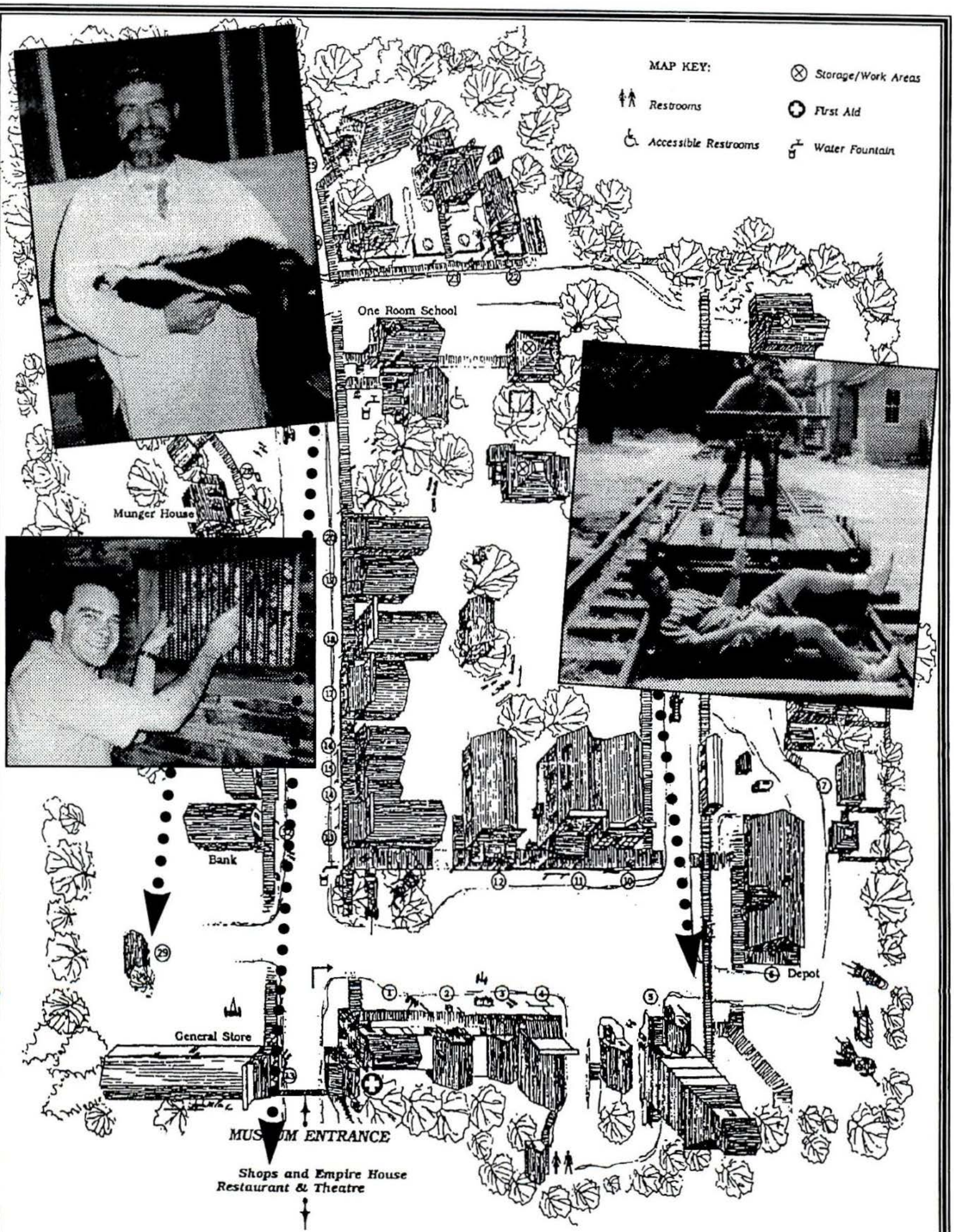
Like he does? This know-it-all should be applying his marketable summer-job skills with his classmates at the nearby Taco Bell.

The highlight of the meat market next door was the duck with its head draped over the counter edge, more than ready for the slaughter. At the Southern Hotel, the gray-haired woman who had been "acting" in the funeral proceedings for more than a decade prepared us all for the upcoming horror by explaining the funeral rites and customs of yesteryear. Being far too distracted by the anachronism of air conditioning, I don't remember a thing she said, but Ken turned his attention to a picture she showed the sparse audience of George Washington "welcoming" Abraham Lincoln to heaven. I'll admit, it was a bit unnerving to see two of our nation's most celebrated and admired leaders in a loving, cheek-to-cheek embrace, smiles plastered across their faces. (*Note:* The sentence you have just read is an example of what junior high school English teachers like to call "foreshadowing.")

Following the overlong lecture was a brief stop in the saspirilla-slingin' Fritz Snitzler Saloon. Nothing funny happened here; just thought you'd get a kick out of reading the words "Fritz Snitzler." I sure do.

From there, it was time for the big event at the replica of the First Presbyterian Church...yep, you guessed it: the funeral of Sarah E. Alexander, beloved mother of three little ones and wife of one *very* large man, which leads me to believe she died of asphyxiation. (*Note:* The sentence you have just read is an example of what your parents like to call "sexual innuendo.") Prior to entering the church, all the men's arms were affixed with black ribbons as a sign of respect for the dead. *Honor schmonor*, I say; they made us look like dorks.

Almost immediately after the long-haired preacher began eulogizing the dearly departed, the actors in the pews surrounding us began breaking down and crying. Maybe it was all for the benefit of the KSNW TV-3 cameraman in attendance, or maybe it was to infuse the event with as much realism as possible. More than likely, though, it was just because they were trying to prove to themselves that were *really good actors*. Seeing this shameless



涼拌豆腐
Cold prepared tofu

display of crocodile tears dredged up awful memories of those hacks in high school who considered themselves thespians bound for the Broadway stage, running around the school halls quoting lines from *Greater Tuna*, bursting into the songs of Jerome Robbins and basically just coming off like total, total fairies.

The preacher asked the...(ahem) *mourners* to sing three songs with him, including "Amazing Grace." Another was "Rock of Ages," which was not, as we were disappointed to discover, the track off Def Leppard's *Pyromania*. Ken and I were in complete agreement that this much-hyped Victorian funeral business was clearly nothing else but downright *spooky*.

As the "family members" were led out of the church (And is it *really* healthy for these as-yet-unwarped six-year-olds to be participating in these kind of morbid shenanigans? Can they be saved before they all turn into a gang of Christina Riccis?), the congregation was invited to the house down the road for the reception. We followed, but couldn't bring ourselves to go in and have to roleplay just for a cookie and a glass of weak punch. I mean, I've done some dumb things in my life, but going up to a fat guy all decked out like Father Murphy and looking him straight in the eye, shaking his hand and saying, "I'm so sorry to hear about your wife" is not going to be one of them.

So instead, we took the few steps to the livery stable and holding pens, in search of the livestock that the map had warned us so much about ("Animals are unpredictable; horns, hooves and teeth may cause injury.") There, we were confronted only with the threatening presence of a *real, live housecat.*

In the print shop of *The Wichita Eagle* – a daily newspaper still printed today, and home to Bob Curtright, perhaps America's scariest-looking movie critic – the printer-in-residence told us how all the old printers were big-time alcoholics. "I think it was working with all the lead type and the lead equipment that did it," he reasoned, cranking one of those very lead machines himself, perhaps inadvertently letting us in on a glimpse of his private life he'd rather not (*hic!*) share with the world.

It was just about the exact moment in the one-room schoolhouse that I realized how hot and stuffy this June day was that a group of Amish people appeared behind us. (We had seen this lot earlier, at first incorrectly thinking they were part of the whole exhibit.) Given the humidity, the closed and unventilated quarters and the Amish people's noted distaste for that pesky, sacrilegious invention known as deodorant, we were instantaneously overcome by a smell wholly reminiscent of a day-care center diarrhea epidemic. If I had spent just five more seconds in there, I think the cast of *Witness* would have been looking at modern-day upchuck all over their black, buckled shoes.

For the remainder of our Cowtown stay, we made it a point to stay well ahead of the Amish family. When, at the storage barn, we noticed they were gaining on us, we cut our stop short.

"Maybe the Amish people are here to see what it's going to be like in the future," Ken commented. Passing by the most primitive piece of farming equipment – some simple-machine contraption fashioned from a log and a rock – he added, "Should I ask them to show us how to work this thing?"

On the outskirts of the grounds, we visited one of the handful of shops, this one a bead store. Richard, the kooky, Torgo-esque old man wearing what looked like pajamas, was the owner, and cryptically told Ken to "keep your hands out of the elephant pin."

"Say what?" Ken asked.

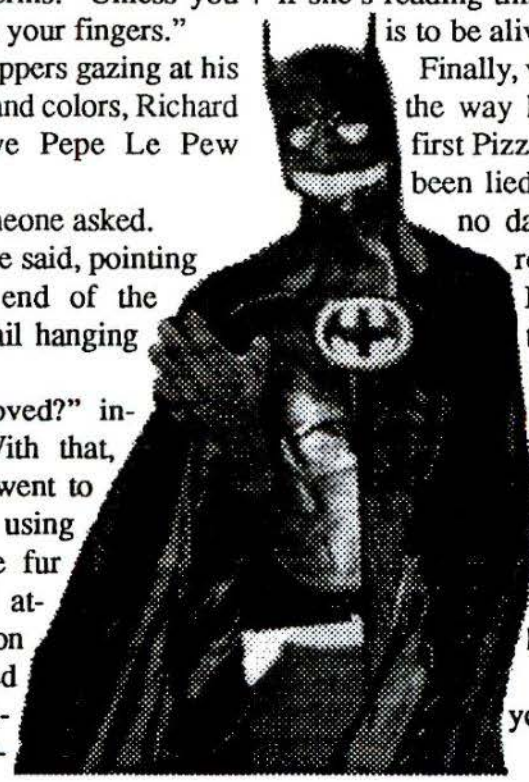
"The elephant pin," Richard said, showing him a section of wooden beads crudely shaped to bear at least a passing resemblance to pachyderms. "Unless you want elephant doody on your fingers."

To the rest of the shoppers gazing at his many beads of all sizes and colors, Richard announced, "Just leave Pepe Le Pew alone."

"Pepe Le Pew?" someone asked.

"Yeah, my skunk," he said, pointing to the basket at the end of the counter with a skunk tail hanging out of it.

"Is its stinker removed?" inquired one woman. With that, Richard (as if on cue) went to retrieve his wild pal, using one hand to shake the fur violently in a botched attempt to give the illusion that the skunk was indeed real. His efforts at duping anyone into believing the animal was going to lunge out at them and nip at their digits, however, proved futile. Everyone merely groaned when he warned, "Look out! He's gonna getcha!" and laughed like Cooter on *Dukes on Hazzard* used to. And at once, all eight of Richard's potential customers, all of whom he had begged to enter his shop, promptly exited, beadless.



Knowing that moment couldn't be topped, it was time to go, but not before my wife voiced her opinion that the area we were in smelled like Vaseline. This statement had a peculiar and ominous resonance, given that in the public park mere steps away from the wooden-fence confines of Cowtown, the gays and lesbians of greater Wichita were holding their annual "Pridefest." And you know, nothing quite says "pride" than a chubby man wearing a purple dress, a butchy woman onstage singing "I Will Survive" and a lesbian popping her top in full view of anyone who cared to look (including the cop on guard watch), all of which we witnessed during our walk to the car. The heat'll make you do crazy things, I guess.

As Cowtown (and, thankfully, Pridefest) became mere images in the rearview mirror, a very large lesbian hopped off the back of her "partner's" motorcycle and waddled into the middle of the road (and into the path of my speeding car) to retrieve a fallen rainbow flag on the asphalt. (Come to *my* window, missy, and I'll give you a lesson on traffic safety.) There's no joke here; I just want the bitch (or is it bastard? What's proper etiquette when hurling profane labels at homosexuals?) to realize, if she's reading this, how damn lucky she is to be alive.

Finally, we veered off-course on the way home to check out the first Pizza Hut location. (You've been lied to all these years: it's no damn hut, but a square, red-bricked building.) Better yet, that night at the drive-in, I got to shake the hand of the theater's mildly retarded concession-stand worker, dressed in full Batman regalia, complete with white T-shirt sticking out from his utility belt.

Where is 1895 when you really, *really* need it?

H

STATS

Lustful Livestock: Moo! Moo! *Mooooo!!!*

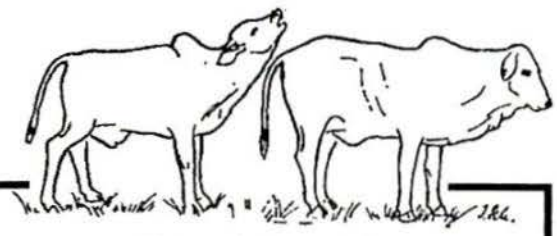


Fig. 1. Flehmen in *Bos indicus*.

Driving across America's heartland, many of us have witnessed many a cow messily voiding his bowels onto the open pasture. Far more funny but far less frequent is catching them not in the act of defecation, but in the act of, well, The Act. (Chances are if cows were engaged in such an activity as your family truckster happened to cruise by, your mom may have covered your eyes.)

But it happens, parents. Bees do it, birds do it, beef do it. And in ways stranger than you'd think. An early-'80s study in Kenya, in fact, recorded the frequency of flehmen, mounting and copulation among members of a semi-wild cattle herd. Flehmen is when one animal sniffs the genitals of another and inhales with an extended neck, much like household dogs do to one another's behinds. You're old enough, we assume, to know the definitions of the other two.

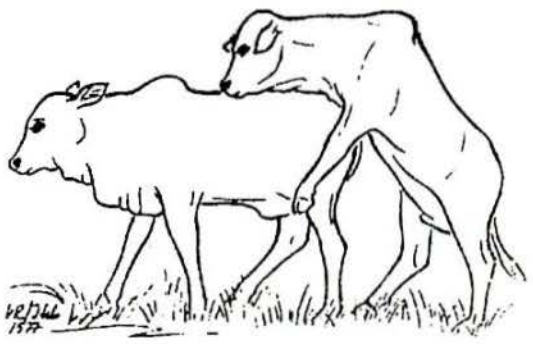


Fig. 2. Mounting in *Bos indicus*.

Over two-and-a-half years, the herd of 29 participated in flehmen 1,644 times; mounting, 3,592; and copulation, just 107. Among the more interesting findings:

- Females were preferred partners for flehmen, but males for mounting.
- Mounting occurs mostly in the first year of a cow's life.
- The adult bull never mounted the pregnant ones.
- Cows never copulated with their mommies.
- Someone wasted two-and-a-half years of his life.

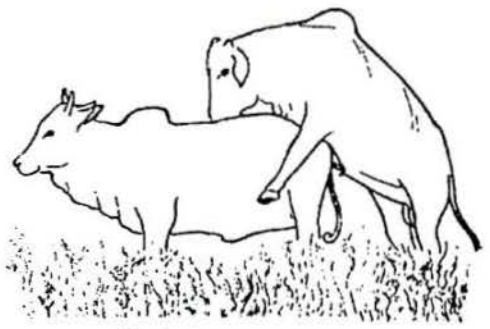


Fig. 3. Copulation in *Bos indicus*.

—Rod Lott

A Not-So-Pleasant Valley Friday with One-Half of the Monkees

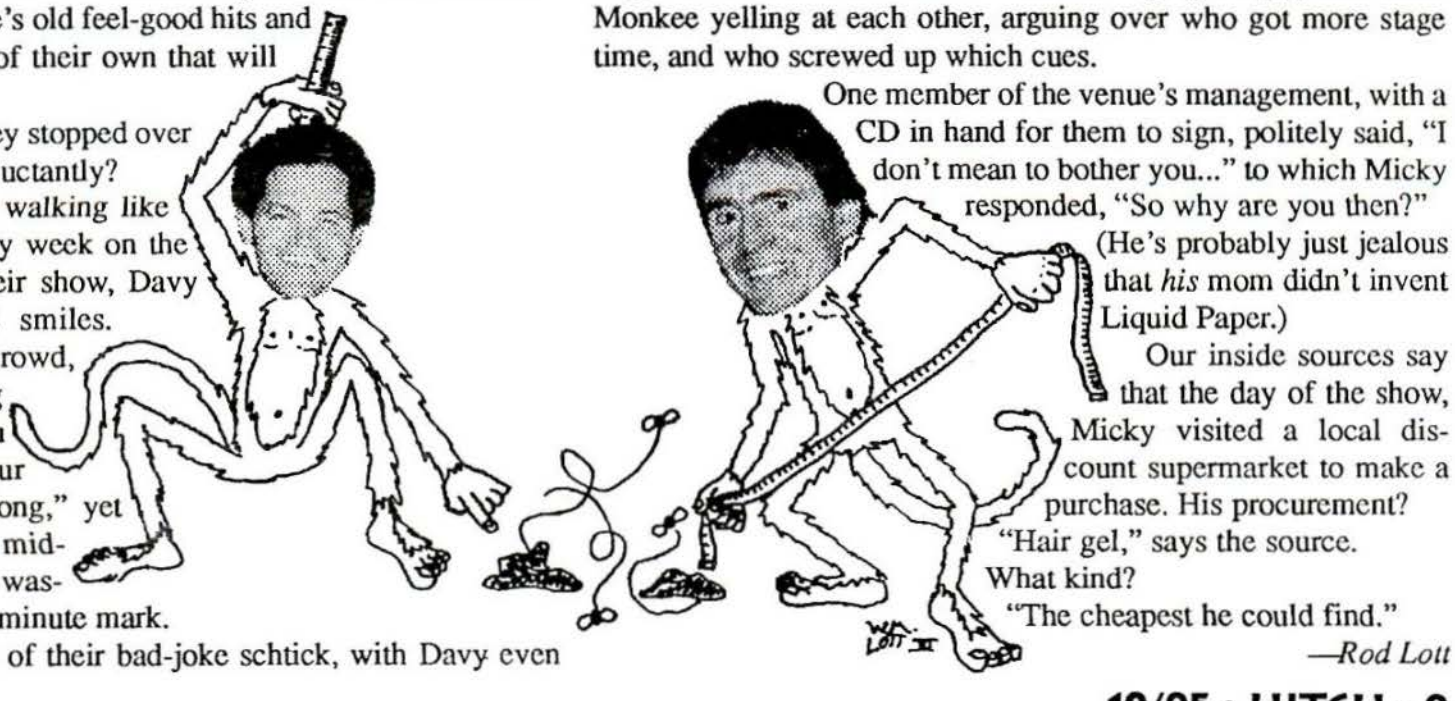
Last Train to Jerksville

Cashing in on baby-boomer nostalgia and heightened recognition from a recent groundbreaking Pizza Hut ad with fellow music-world coaster Ringo Starr, Micky Dolenz and Davy Jones of the Monkees toured the states this summer, showing up at theme parks and equivalent venues to sing a mix of their old feel-good hits, other people's old feel-good hits and new feel-good songs of their own that will never be hits.

In early August, they stopped over at Oklahoma City. Reluctantly?

Entering the stage walking like the Monkees did every week on the opening credits of their show, Davy and Micky were all smiles. Davy even told the crowd, "We'll keep playing tonight as long as you keep clapping your hands and singing along," yet checked his watch mid-show to make sure he wasn't going over the 90-minute mark.

The two did some of their bad-joke schtick, with Davy even making a few comments laced with some strong sexual innuendo, one of which suggested he slept with Marcia Brady. The wackiness hit its heights at show's close when the vertically challenged Davy actually picked Micky up in his arms and carried him offstage. Then the smiles came off and things got ugly, with each Monkee yelling at each other, arguing over who got more stage time, and who screwed up which cues.



One member of the venue's management, with a CD in hand for them to sign, politely said, "I don't mean to bother you..." to which Micky responded, "So why are you then?" (He's probably just jealous that *his* mom didn't invent Liquid Paper.)

Our inside sources say that the day of the show, Micky visited a local discount supermarket to make a purchase. His procurement? "Hair gel," says the source. What kind? "The cheapest he could find."

—Rod Lott

Federally Funded Fun Facts

If you've ever turned on a television, you know the commercial significance of Pueblo, Colo. For the uninformed or the people who watch only PBS, the city is the site of theUnited States federal government's Consumer Information Center, and they've got a free catalog you can write for (P.O. Box 100, Pueblo, CO 81002) that's chock full of informative pamphlets, brochures and booklets, many of them for free.

Obviously, the appeal of these is rather limited, but since your tax dollars help pay for them, you should get your money's worth and order a bundle anyway. They limit you to 25 free publications, so be sure to pick exactly that many. Below are a dozen of the more interesting I selected and received; please use this inventory as a guide to help you choose your selections.

—Rod Lott

TITLE: *Curious George and the New Food Label*
FEATURES: A nutrition-themed scramble game, a Monkeyville Food Store maze and scary artwork of happy eggs, dancing cereal flakes and George rubbing up against a female banana.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: "Read it before you eat it!"
WHAT I LEARNED: "Curious George doesn't monkey around with food! Curious George is a smart monkey!"

TITLE: *A Consumer's Guide to Fats*
FEATURES: Illustrations of a clogged artery and a cover that looks like it was drawn by a guy using his mouth to hold the pen.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: Eat more vegetables.
WHAT I LEARNED: I *really* hate people who tell me I should be eating cottage cheese.

TITLE: *Feeding Baby: Nature and Nurture*
FEATURES: Advice to nursing mothers and a picture of two children staring in amazement as Mom pops a swollen nip into the eager mouth of their newborn sibling.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: "It is important to make sure that the baby 'latches on' to the mother's nipple correctly."
WHAT I LEARNED: Boy, I am *really* thirsty right now.

TITLE: *Let's Talk About Depression*
FEATURES: A photo-comic strip about sad students and a quiz on whether you should seek help from a shrink.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: The testimonial from that bitch Whitney Houston.
WHAT I LEARNED: Happy people play the guitar.

TITLE: *Fly Smart: An Air Traveler's Guide*
FEATURES: What to expect from a flight, baggage tips and a passenger checklist.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: During a crash, stay calm.
WHAT I LEARNED: 1) Never go back into a burning aircraft. 2) Synthetic clothing may melt if the jet becomes a fireball. 3) Those loaded firearms I've been flying with all these years are a no-no.

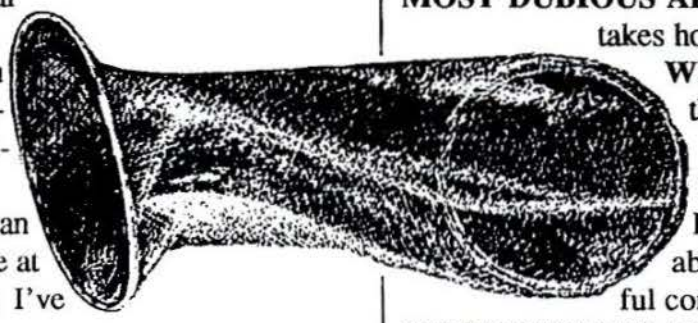
TITLE: *Lista de publicaciones federales en espanol para el consumidor*
FEATURES: Many, many Spanish words.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: Unknown – it's all in Spanish.
WHAT I LEARNED: I must not have been paying attention to those two years of Spanish class in high school.

TITLE: *Backyard Bird Problems*
FEATURES: Tips on ridding your property of "problem birds," from chickadees to woodpeckers.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: The problem can be solved without guns.
WHAT I LEARNED: Feeders can be squirrel-proofed by lathering them up with Vaseline laced with cayenne pepper.

TITLE: *Schizophrenia: Questions and Answers*
FEATURES: A comprehensive discussion about a disease that affects 3 million people...or is it 27 million?
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: There are alternatives to shock therapy and lobotomies.
WHAT I LEARNED: Kids can have schizophrenia, which explains a helluva lot, actually.

TITLE: *Patient Restraints: Improving Safety, Reducing Use*
FEATURES: FDA recommendations and a picture of an old woman leering at the camera from her nursing-home bed in an image that will forever haunt my dreams.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: It's not humane to strap these kooks down so all they can do is bat an eyelash.
WHAT I LEARNED: To quote Roger Daltrey, hope I die before I get old.

TITLE: *Cancer Tests You Should Know About*
FEATURES: Facts about all types of cancer and a pull-out checklist so you can track your rectal exams.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: You should let your doctor stick his fingers high into your anus on an annual basis.
WHAT I LEARNED: My doctor can give me a stool sample kit I can use at home. I'll have to remember that; I've always liked science projects.



TITLE: *The GED Tests*
FEATURES: Info on the lame excuse for a high school diploma, including a sample test.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: This test requires studying and takes hours to complete.
WHAT I LEARNED: I could've passed this mutha at the age of 3.

TITLE: *Choosing a Contraceptive*
FEATURES: A guide to every imaginable form of birth control, including a helpful comparison chart.
MOST DUBIOUS ADVICE: "The female condom should not be used at the same time as the male condom."
WHAT I LEARNED: Oops!

PRBS

More News We Could Have Had Idea Why

Live Action Baywatch Adventure Show Debuts at Sea World Parks

Baywatch bursts from the television screen to life this summer in an all-new, action-packed water adventure show debuting at Sea World parks in Orlando, San Diego, San Antonio and Cleveland.

Baywatch fans will recognize the voice of superstar David Hasselhoff, who plays Lt. Mitch Buchannon on the *Baywatch* television series and narrates the Sea World show. The internationally renowned recording star also sings his new release "Fallin' in Love" that is featured in "*Baywatch* at Sea World."

"This partnership between two family favorites – *Baywatch* and Sea World – is appealing on many levels," said Hasselhoff. "Sea World is one of the world's foremost destinations for family entertainment. This, coupled with the international popularity of *Baywatch* with families in every nation, makes it an ideal arrangement."

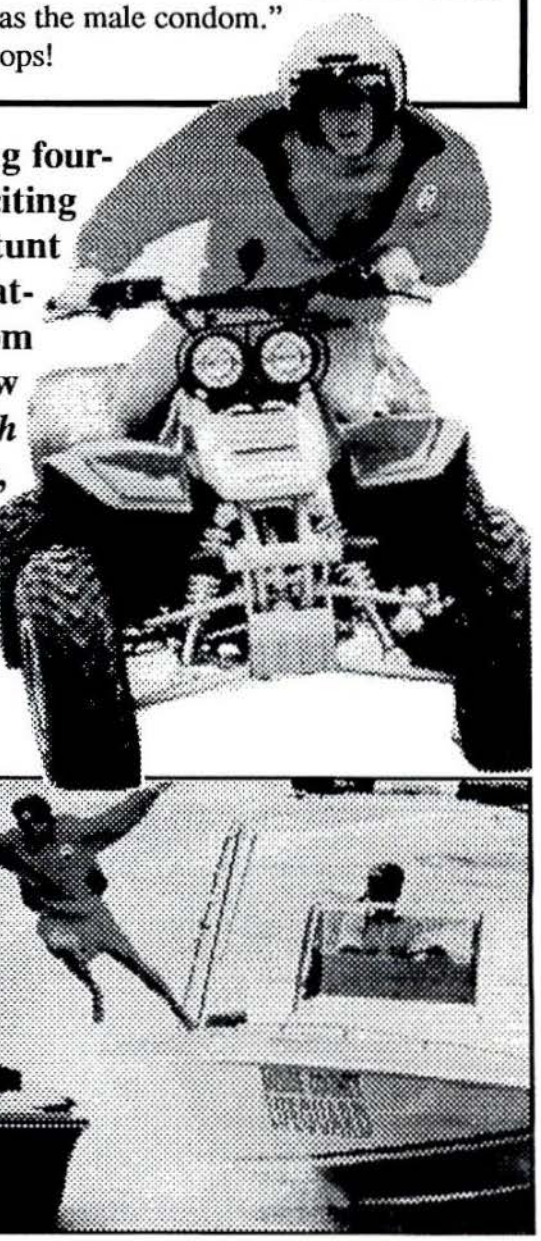
As guests enter a waterfront stadium, they encounter what appears to be a typical lazy stretch of beach inhabited only by a few rollerblading kids and beachcombers. But within moments, the calm is broken as a reckless speed boater crashes into a buoy and is thrown into the water. Guests will be riveted to their seats as they witness the dramatic rescue scene that unfolds.

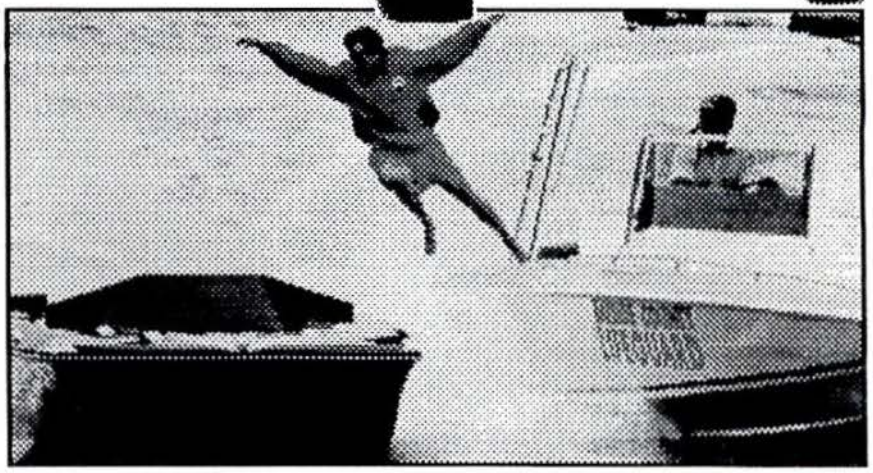
From the nail-biting first scene to the explosive finale, "*Baywatch* at Sea World" bombards guests with an awesome lineup of personal watercraft, waterski and aerial stunts, pyrotechnics, acrobatics and musical numbers all set within an imaginative *Baywatch*-themed adventure.

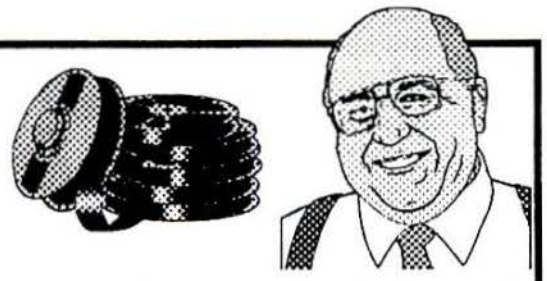
Like the television series, the Sea World program overlays its portrayal of dangerous rescues with solid messages about safety. "*Baywatch* at Sea World" is a thrilling adventure the whole family can enjoy.

"The *Baywatch* franchise is among the most sought-after and valuable entities in the world today," says Michael Weinstein, vice president, promotion and interactive multimedia, All American Television Productions. "We have taken a great deal of care in selecting our business partners and regard Sea World as a highly desirable and compatible organization. It is a pleasure to be involved with them in this exciting new association."

From top, exciting four-wheeler stunt, exciting boat-jumping stunt and exciting boat-riding stunt, all from Sea World's new exciting *Baywatch* live-action show, and all death-defying and treacherous in their own right.







Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

SUMMER SPORTS SPECTACULAR!

Wildcats
(1986)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This film about the glorious game of pigskin tells of a school in need of a coach, and oh my, do they get one! The funny woman from *Laugh-In* takes the job and fun ensues! At one point, the principal thanks the parents for buying the last of the peanut brittle. I do not remember the relevance of that, but I really enjoyed it. See it while it's hot!

On the Right Track
(1981)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This dandy about horse racing and shoe shining is one that you and your friends should see. The young man from *Diff'rent Strokes* stars as a fellow who lives in a train station locker (imagine *that*, if you will), shines shoes and picks winners of races. Seeing this film is believing.

The Bad News Bears Go to Japan
(1978)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

The crazy kids are at it again, this time in the land of those funny men from *Gung Ho*. In the movie, the Bears visit the land, play ball and deliver excellent performances! I liked this movie and you will like it, too.

Not Without My Daughter
(1990)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

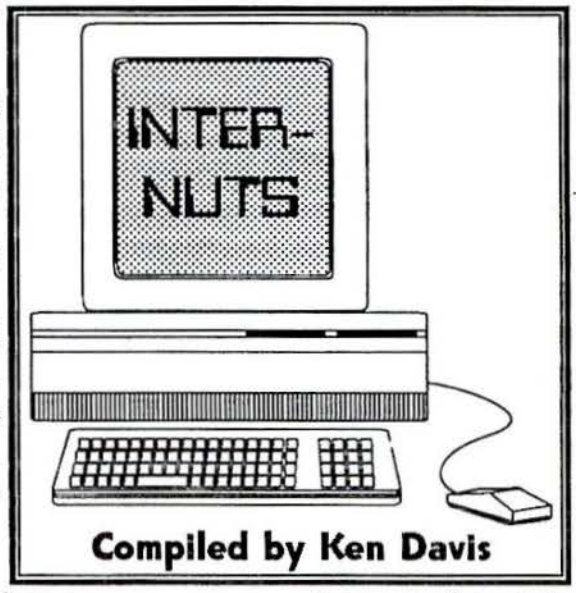
The lady from *Smokey and the Bandit II* stars as a woman that goes away to the desert and lives, but gets into a sad situation. I usually don't cry in films, but I did here! See this film soon, but not without some popcorn!

Ask Dr. Murphy, ROBODOC

Dr. Murphy is a family practitioner in Boise, Idaho. A father of two, he is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, president of the Idaho Medical Association and can singe things with his left eye. He is a cyborg.

Dear Dr. Murphy: This is very embarrassing to me, but I have had a horrible case of hemorrhoids for a good eight months now. I have tried Preparation H and sitting in a warm bath of salts, and yet nothing seems to work. Over-the-counter medicines just aren't working for me. It is hard for me to sit comfortably and it is the cause of humiliation around friends. Can you help? —Sean H.

Dear Sean: Hemorrhoids are indeed a problem which can be difficult to remedy, but absolutely necessary to obtain utmost comfort and peace of mind. Have you tried positioning several mirrors in an enclosed room and then activate your corneal laser to blast the hemorrhoids? This is a very precise task and you must be situated at the correct angle for pinpoint accuracy. I have found that no less than four mirrors is required for proper deflection toward the delicate tissues. If this trial fails you, come to my office and I will singe the affected area with my left eye. I am a cyborg.



alt.binaries.pictures.supermodels
From: m.p.vanegeraat@student.utwente.nl
Subject: My god.. sweet Krissy
Date: 4 Jul 1995 05:46:33 GMT

I am so shocked by this....I have cried. .and still can't believe this.....Why...why... why...you, sweet krissy....??

From: h20wizard@aol.com
Subject: Re: My god..sweet Krissy
Date: 5 Jul 1995 14:35:24 -0400

Chill out man....it's not like you would have ever had a chance with her. So get a grip and start paying attention to reality.

alt.barney.dinosaur.die.die.die
From: md'angelo.ca
Subject: BARNEY RULES!!!!!
Date: 21 May 1995 23:19:11 GMT

You all are losers!!! You all should get a life!!! I love barney!!! I have tapes of every episode and I own just about every barney toy there is. Whoever thinks barney sucks cock does themselves!!! Barney is my idol. I watch his show every day, and I can't get to sleep at night unless I hear his "I love you..." song. Any one who wants to take this up with me call me voice at (604) 986-3097. Ask for Mark.

alt.drinks.snapple
From: ametal@primenet.com
Subject: Crapple hurts my tummy!
Date: 23 May 1995 02:43:41 GMT

I used to really like snapple, I drank so much It has caused cramping and a girgly feeing in my stomach. It sucks.

HITCH is now on the World Wide Web!

Now featuring the **HITCH** Paparazzi Picture Gallery and the Tom Neesnan Movie Database!
http://www.ionet.net/~twilken/hitched.html

HITCH Paparazzi

HITCH*apalooza: Where Were You?*

Me and Sophie B.
Damn, I wish I was her lover.

This Rembrandt smokes Marlboros.
He was there for me.

This other Rembrandt also smokes Marlboros, and is squirrely.

My wife said I can't tell you why I'm not in this pic with Tony, so I won't.

Actually, it was a "Healing in the Heartland" concert July 22, the profits of which went to the victims of some bombing everyone keeps talking about. Among the acts I didn't care to meet: Collective Soul, 4 P.M., Wakeland and a few country people.

Kids moshed to Tony Bennett, Sophie B. Hawkins gave the crowd her "peace pipe" (nudge, wink) and one Rembrandt told the elbow-to-elbow crowd, "We play a lot of bull-shit gigs, but this is cool." Um...*thanks?*

Sophie said the f-word because she knew it was being broadcast over the Internet. Equally paying attention to his family-heavy audience, that same Rembrandt talked about getting a piece of tail in the backseat of his car.

A Startling Confession

Now that the *Oklahoma Gazette* has done a story on us, it's safe to fess up to the trick we played on them back in the spring, when they were putting together the "Rhythm Section," a pull-out guide to area musicians and bands.

We submitted a listing for the fictitious Dreaded Weazles. We actually got some offers to play some gigs off of it, too. Amazing. (And, no, we don't have any idea who the Globes are, either.)

blues funk, original music.
DREADED WEAZLES
Type: Hard mock, metal
Lineup: Steve - Lead Guitar, Monty - Bass Guitar, Craig - Drums, Tom - Guitar
Contact: Aimee Prancer 720-1828
We are a band of four guys who in one word or less - rock! We're like Nirvana, Metallica and the Globes. We will rock you!
Type: Pop, Folk

Movietime!

Match the plot synopsis to the film's title.

1. Werewolves eat people in the country.
2. Nuns turn into werewolves and eat people.
3. Werewolves and an alligator boy eat people.
4. Werewolves and a gargoyle eat people.
5. Werewolves eat people in a castle.
6. Dom DeLuise just eats and eats!

A. *Howling II: Your Sister Is a Werewolf*
B. *Howling III: The Marsupials*
C. *Howling IV: The Original Nightmare*
D. *Howling V: The Rebirth*
E. *Howling VI: The Freaks*
F. *Fatso*

ANSWERS: 1-C, 2-B, 3-E, 4-A, 5-D, 6-F

Snips' Snappy Restaurant Reviews for 1995-96

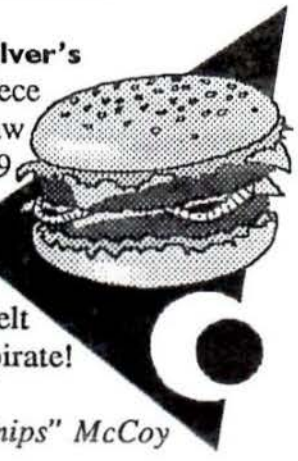
Wendy's

Man, the Chicken Club combo meal is awesome! After I ate the whole rockin' mind-bending meal, I felt like a fat lady getting off of the Tilt-a-Whirl at the local carnival!

Taco Mayo

Man, $2.99, are you outta yo mind? That's what the commercial on the TV says, and it ain't lyin'! I wolfed on burrito after burrito and had to yell the line out right there in the restaurant!

Long John Silver's



Man! The 12-piece shrimp and cole slaw meal for only $3.99 is like a freakin' J. Geils Band time warp freeze frame! I ate it and felt like a freakin' pirate! Yipes!

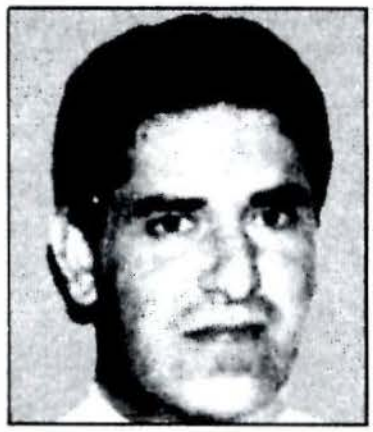
—*Harlin "Snips" McCoy*

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

For Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution / Capital Murder



Mir Aimal Kansi

ALIAS: Mir Aimal Kanci, Mir Aimal Kasi, Mohammed Alam Kasi, Mir Aman Qazi, Mir Amial Qansi, Amial Khan
DOB: 2 / 10 / 64
BIRTHPLACE: Pakistan
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'5", 154 lbs.
BUILD: medium
HAIR: black
EYES: black
COMPLEXION: dark
RACE: white
SOCIAL SECURITY: 225-65-2625, 230-59-2345
IDENTIFYING SCARS: burn scar on left cheek

So what if Mir picked up an AK-47 and mowed down five people while they sat in the cars during rush hour on Route 123 back in 1993?

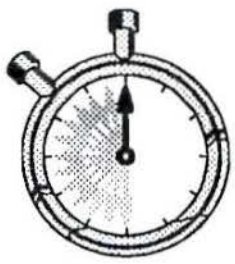
That's not the real reason we should put this guy behind bars for life.

This is: Mir was last seen wearing a tan jacket with dark-colored pants. People sporting such a dull clothing combo represent a major threat to the collective style of our nation.

Has anyone seen this fashion victim? If so, contact your local FBI office and demand your reward, or call Washington HQ at (202) 324-3000.

The Robert Goulet

DEATH WATCH



Approximately 26 years and 4 months remaining

Grackle-Be-Gone

Next spring, when things around your home are pretty hectic starling- and grackle-wise, the following dispersal techniques, courtesy of Oklahoma's own Norman Police Department, should prove helpful in combatting these annoying flocks of birds.

• Thinning or pruning the trees is the most effective, "only limited by the imagination of the property owner."

• Scaring devices can be very effective in "manipulating large concentrations" of the beasts, but it is important to remember that the "three keys to a successful bird dispersal operation are: timing, organization and diversity."

• Among the diverse scaring devices suggested include "banging on pots and pans," "spraying water from a high-pressure sprayer into the roost area" and, although it is in direct violation of other state laws, "shooting firecrackers or exploders into the roost."

Glug Glug Glug

Waterworld Thanks You For Your Donation

As if we didn't already have enough reason to hate Kevin Costner (see "Kevin Costner's 34 Crimes Against Humanity," **HITCH** 1), now comes word of this: An Oklahoma City DJ reported on-air after the opening weekend of *Waterworld* that to see the film, he and other moviegoers had to pay 50 cents more than any other film shown at the theater.

He didn't say which theater, however, and our efforts to find out exactly who and why yielded nothing. Calls to all area theater chains were greeted with the response that seeing *Waterworld* costs no more cash than other films. A source in Wisconsin claims the price has been upped a quarter.

Waterworld cost a reported $200 million to make, the most expensive movie ever made. Sure, charging an extra 50 cents for admission would help to make those bucks back quicker, but it's not right. Can you imagine prices being set relative to budget? Other than that you could see any Miramax film for the cost of a can of soup, it would suck.

And regardless of the rumor's truth, Costner still does.

Minor Celebrity Corner

On Money, Easy Chicks, Choir Guys...and, Oh Yeah, Baseball, Too

Jim's Field of Dreams

By Steve Hunt

Without a doubt, Jim "The Ultimate" Traber is a person who has lived an eventful life, and he is a mere 33 years old. Currently a local sports talk radio celebrity, he has been a professional singer, a major college quarterback, a major league baseball player and a hero in Japan.

Despite the fact that he is not liked by a decent amount of people (i.e. **HITCH** editor Rod Lott) because of his abrasive personality, he is quite an individual. Born in Columbus, Ohio on Dec. 26, 1961, he moved to Columbia, Md., where he grew up playing sports all day, which naturally led to his career as an athlete.

HITCH: When you were young, you spent all of your time playing sports. Did you hope that anything big would come out of it?

Traber: I told everyone that I was going to play baseball starting when I was about 4 years old. That was what I wanted to do.

HITCH: You had a great athletic career in high school. Did you do anything else during those years?

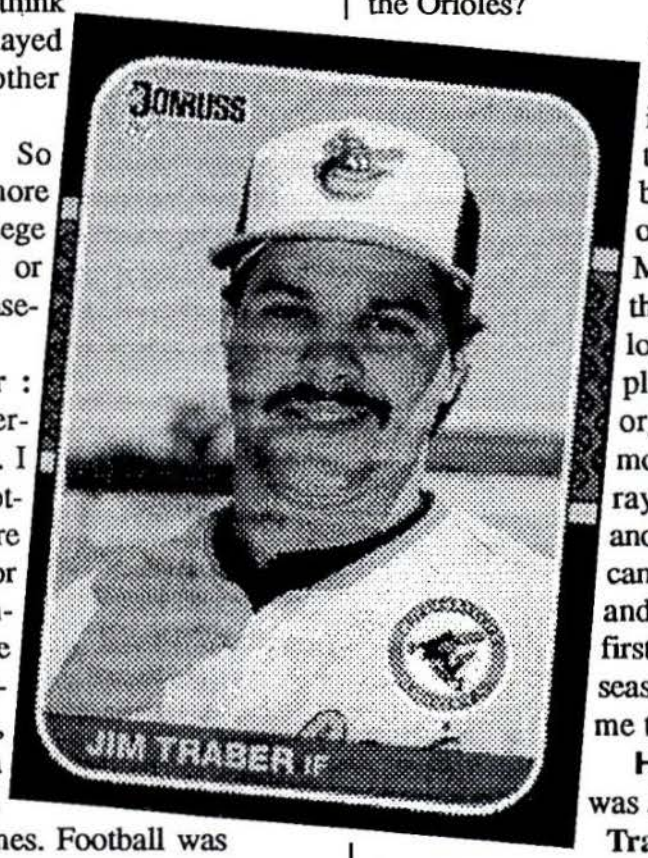
Traber: Well, God gave me a great voice and when I was in high school, you know, all the real faggy guys were in chorus, but I joined and got all of my football friends to join, too, and we had the greatest bass section ever. That led to a professional singing career – weddings, national anthems and so on.

HITCH: Once your high school years were over, what colleges wanted your talents?

Traber: A lot of schools recruited me. Some of the bigger ones were Notre Dame, Penn State, Purdue, Clemson, Boston College, Pittsburgh and Arizona State talked to me a little. Of course, Oklahoma State, which is where I ended up.

HITCH: So are you glad you went there?

Traber: Occasionally, I look back and think about what would have been different had I gone somewhere else. I know my future in baseball would have been the same since the Baltimore Orioles knew about me in high school. My football career, however, probably since I only started at quarterback a couple years, and I think I would have played more at another school.



HITCH: So did you get more chicks as a college football player or as a college baseball player?

Traber: That's an interesting question. I would say football. There were 40,000 or 50,000 screaming fans in the stands at football games, compared to a few thousand at baseball games. Football was a bigger deal.

HITCH: What happened after college?

Traber: In 1982, the Baltimore Orioles drafted me in the 21st round. I was disappointed I went so low, but I got more money than guys picked before me, so that was okay. I signed right after my junior year, and I'm glad I did.

HITCH: How did you like pro ball at first?

Traber: Well, I started out at the lowest of all pro levels: rookie league. I played in Bluefield, a real country-type place. Hillbilly people would come out of the mountains in their overalls and bring their moonshine along with them. It was a trip. The league was too easy, lots easier than college.

HITCH: So what was it like when you made it to the big leagues?

Traber: Exciting. I was nervous because everyone in Baltimore knew me. I sang the national anthem before the game, and that was more nerve-racking than the game. Our team only had four hits the whole game. It was a bad year for the Orioles.

HITCH: Were you glad to be with the Orioles?

Traber: No, not really. It was nice in that I was from there, but I played behind (future Hall of Famer) Eddie Murray, so I was in the minor leagues a lot. I could have played for another organization a lot more. In 1989, Murray was gone, but another first baseman came to the Orioles, and we both played first base. After the '89 season, the Orioles sold me to Japan.

HITCH: And how was Japan?

Traber: I got a whole lot of money, and was a big star there. The play real stupid baseball there. I guess it was a good experience, though.

HITCH: Now that your baseball career is over, what is life like?

Traber: Well, all throughout my career, when I was being interviewed, the guys interviewing me said I was a real natural. They said I should be on the other side of the mike, so I went back to Oklahoma State, finished my degree in broadcasting and a former coach hooked me up with an Oklahoma City station. I've been doing radio for a few years now, and I feel I do a better job on the radio than at anything else.

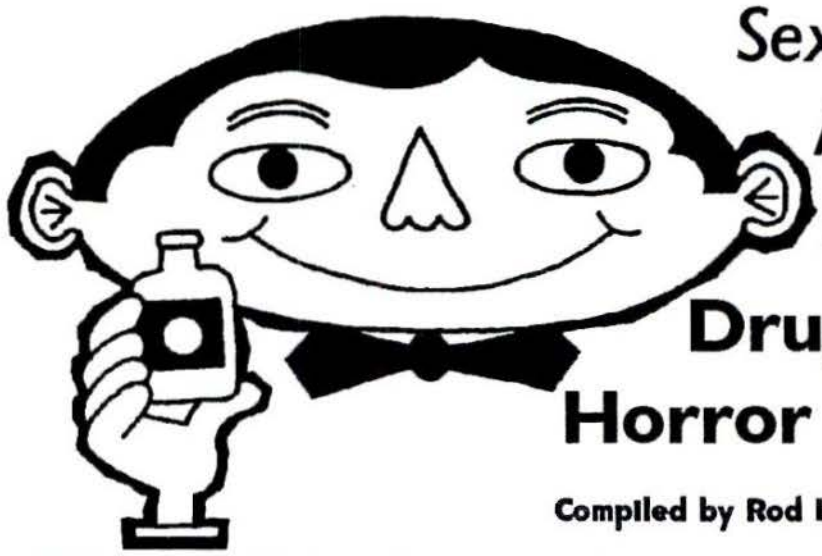
Traber can be heard in OKC and surrounding areas, yet is unsure he will go to syndicated radio, as "the money is not as good."

H

蔥油餅
Pan fried onion cake

Your Official High-Powered Big Man Phone List

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
(703) 351-7676
CLINTON, BILL
(202) 456-1414
ELIZABETH, QUEEN
01144-1-9304833
GORE, AL
(202) 456-2326
FAX (202) 456-2883
HELMS, JESSE
(919) 755-4630
JACKSON, JESSE
FAX (202) 728-1192
MAJOR, JOHN
01144-1-9304834
MITTERAND, FRANCOIS
01113-1-2615100
NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
(202) 456-4974
PANETTA, LEON
(202) 456-6797
PAUL, POPE JOHN II
01139-6-6982
SUPREME COURT
(202) 479-3000
TURNER, TED
FAX (404) 827-1575
WALTERS, BARBARA
FAX (212) 456-2969
WHITE HOUSE
FAX (202) 456-6218



Sex, Drugs & Medicated Pads: Drugstore Horror Stories

Compiled by Rod Lott

While the days of the local pharmacist knowing every customer by name may be long gone, the embarrassment they have had to deal with seems to know no generational boundaries. Today, at your corner discount drug center, several high-school kids are working for minimum wage to hear you gripe about your gas problem and help select the condom that is right for you. Here are but a few of their most memorable encounters with their most frightening customers.

• "A big, musclehead-type man approached me and asked where the K-Y Jelly was. At the time, I'd just started working there and I didn't know what it was. If we don't know what something is, we're supposed to ask them what the product is used for. So I did, and he yelled, 'Don't get smart with me! I'll find it myself!' Then he stormed off."

• "I was walking toward the front of the store when an elderly man, probably about in his 70s, came up to me and said, 'Excuse me, sir, do you know where the sex aids are?' He sounded like Humphrey Bogart. I said, 'Sex aids?' and he raised his voice and said, 'Yeah, sex aids! Condoms, lubricants, that sort of shit!'"

• "I showed an elderly lady to the laxatives and she was looking for some phospho-soda for her husband, but we were out. She looked worried and said, 'Ohhh, he's gonna need it by the end of this week!' as if he were going to explode or something."

• "A skinhead asked me where the lice shampoo was. I showed him and he told me, 'Yeah, my old lady gave me crabs last night.'"

• "There is a man who comes in every once in a while who is an alcoholic, and he drinks perfume."

• "A co-worker of mine told me to come to the men's bathroom because there was a nice surprise. Well, on the floor lay an abandoned pair of underwear with the biggest log on the face of the earth in it."

• "A man I helped had just had a kidney stone operation and claimed to have a tampon-like apparatus in his urethra. The man told me that he threatens his kids with the device when they misbehave."

• "One evening, I had a cowboy scumbag hitchhiker ask for some cologne to spray on because he hadn't taken a shower in several days. Anyway, he sprayed it all over his body, including a few squirts on his crotch."

• "This guy who has diabetes came in because he was out of needles, and as soon as he bought some, he pulled up his shirt and stuck one in his belly button right in front of the cashier. The same guy also was taking Zovirax for herpes, and his doctor was out of town and already had given him the maximum limit. He came in and told the pharmacist, 'It's just not working. I have weeping lesions and my penis is turning blue. My doctor's out of town and I don't know what to do. Will you come in the bathroom with me and look at it?' He said 'no.'"

• "One woman today bought 17 boxes of Tucks."

• "I was helping a woman who had one eye – and she had nothing covering her socket; it just looked like a hideous bacon hole – find the Depends. She wanted to know what size she needed. To top it off, as I was helping her, she fell on me."

• "I was putting returns on the shelf, including this 'water bottle syringe' which is really just a nice term for 'douche.' These two buffed-up guys were in my way, so I said 'excuse me' and started to put it up when they said, 'Oh, can we see that?'"

• "A woman came in and bought nothing but a douche and asked for a receipt in case it didn't work right and she had to bring it back." **H**

How to Get the Most Out of Your Copy of

TV GUIDE

TV Guide is a wonderful publication, but folks, there's more to life than prime-time programming. Each week, *TV Guide* lists a myriad of shows well worth watching, that otherwise might go unnoticed if I didn't constantly leaf through its cheap, recycled paper pages. Below, I've listed some of these shows and made brief, but well-thought-out, comments about them.

—Ken Davis

(LIF) WHAT'S UP, DR. RUTH? (CC)
—Discussion
Debut: Dr. Ruth Westheimer is the host for a series that focuses on the sexual and social concerns of teenagers. First up: members of the music group Anthrax and their mothers.

It was interesting to hear the mothers of hard rockers condone promiscuous sex. Or, as one mother said, "Hey, if you can get some without having to pay for it, go for it!"

(25) ANDY GRIFFITH—Comedy (R)
Andy schemes to help Barney (Don Knotts) win Thelma Lou (Betty Lynn).

Hilarious episode in which Andy sells raffle tickets with Thelma Lou being the grand prize. The scam backfires, however, when the prize winner announced is not Barney, but Aunt Bee. Things in Mayberry turn darker.

(18) BRADY BUNCH—Comedy
High-school popularity is the goal for Marcia (Maureen McCormick).

The things Marcia does to gain popularity give us a rare glimpse of her naughty side.

(TNN) MERLE HAGGARD: POET OF THE COMMON MAN; 60 min.
The performer reads some of his poetry and sings "Today I Started Loving You Again."

Insightful portrait of a man America has grown to love and admire, especially for his odes and ballads concerning 6.0 beer.

(47) (20) GROWING PAINS (CC)
Mike needs money for karate lessons.

We also discover that Maggie needs money for a boob job.

(34) CHARLES IN CHARGE (CC)—Comedy
An angry Charles wants to end his friendship with Buddy (Willie Aames) until he learns that Buddy has been rushed to the hospital.

Charles feels guilty because Buddy has contracted a sexually transmitted disease, presumably as a result of their "friendship."

(43) HOLLYWOOD SQUARES—Game
Charles Nelson Reilly, Jacklyn Zeman, Shadoe Stevens, Lee Meriwether and John Schuck.

Now I don't normally watch game shows, but I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Nelson Reilly at Sardi's in New York City a few years ago. While he is equally as great on *Match Game P.M.* and those dog food commercials, I really had my heart set on meeting Jm J. Bullock.

(SHO) MOVIE (CC)—Comedy; 1 hr., 40 min. ★
"Hot Dog . . . The Movie."

The name says it all, doesn't it?

(25) THREE'S COMPANY—Comedy
The trio allows a homeless, elderly man to stay at the apartment until he can find lodging. John Ritter. Leo: J. Pat O'Malley.

This show marks the triumphant return of Ronald Reagan to his acting career.

(43) MONKEES—Comedy
The boys become involved in espionage when Davy unwittingly buys maracas containing microfilm. Mike Nesmith. Davy Jones.

The plot thickens further when Davy also purchases a pizza with anchovies.

(34) NEW LEAVE IT TO BEAVER—Comedy
Beaver's sartorial appearance is not uppermost in Oliver's mind when he buys his dad a nifty trick hat for Father's Day. John Snee.

The show climaxes when the trick hat gets stuck on his head, and the instructions to take it off are written in Chinese!

Bonus! HITCH Paparazzi

Run for your lives! It's Pirate Boy!

A HE-MAN EXPERIMENT

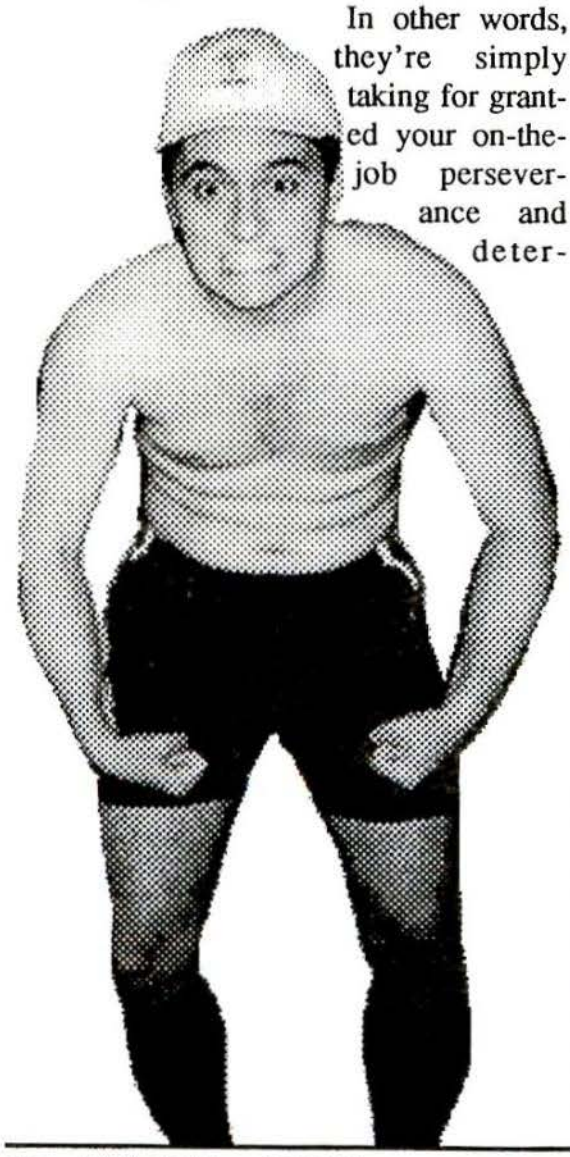
Brief Encounter

By Rod Lott

Asking me if I'd like to be the underwear model for a nationwide chain of hip, men's clothing stores is equivalent to asking me if I like cake.

So when I entered one of our local Structure outlets – on what I am confident will prove to be a fateful day in July – to return something my wife bought for me that I did not like, and happened to spot a flyer asking, "Are You The Man We're Looking For?," I knew instantly that this was destined to be My Big Chance.

In the Structure Underwear Model Search, they're looking for a "health-conscious, style-conscious, hard-working man who doesn't fear a challenge or a good time." However, all one is required to do to enter is send in two photographs; there is no essay portion.



In other words, they're simply taking for granted your on-the-job perseverance and determination and all that other crap, and choosing the winners solely on how well their manhood fills a pair of skivvies.

Since I meet all the requirements – squeaking by on the ones set for age and U.S. citizenship – I sent in the two required pics: a headshot and one of me in either shorts or swim trunks.

As an added bonus, I also slipped in an extra snapshot of me taking off my shirt (circa August 1994); I defy them to deny my animal magnetism and exceptional toning.

It's a cinch, a given. I've got a strong lock on this thing.

I have my personal reasons for entering:

1. The time is now for me to be known and beloved the world over for how I look in briefs.

2. While Structure's not quite The Gap, it sure beats shilling for Chess King.

3. As is widely known, I am a media whore.

The 10 finalists – of which, as the pictures on this page attest, I am certain to be one – will be flown via USAir (*yikes!*) to New York City. The winner will be selected by a celebrity panel of judges at The Fashion Cafe.

It is here where, if need be, I will employ my masculine erotic wiles to no end, in order to woo the likes of Elle MacPherson and Claudia Schiffer into voting for me.

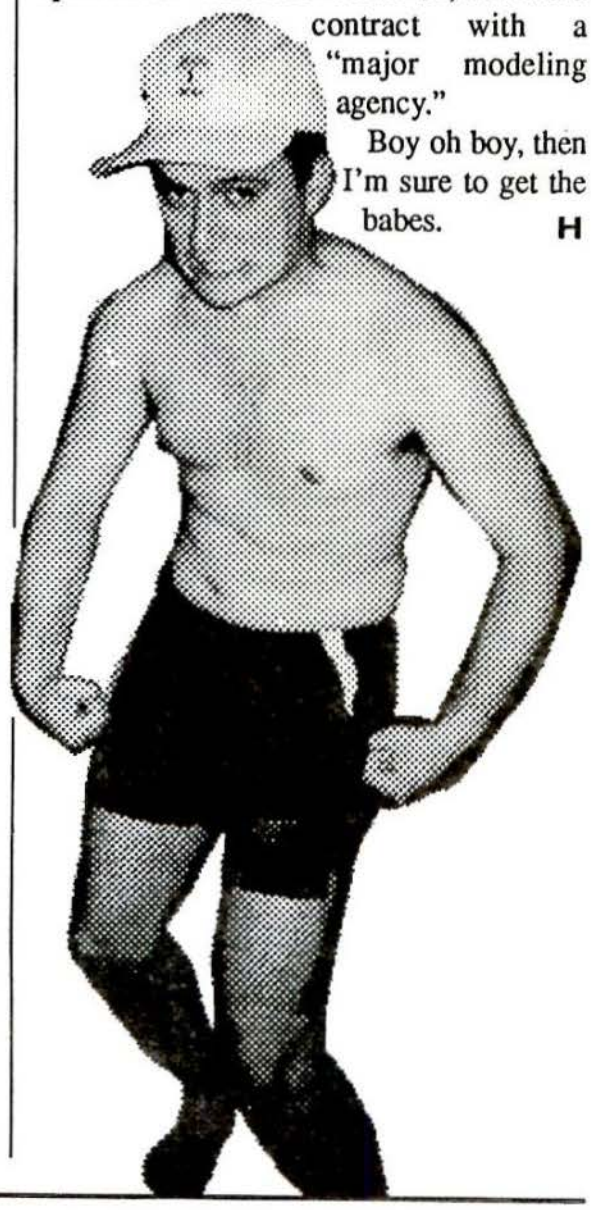
Should I have to take a more drastic step – and I pray that I do not – I will again use said wiles to coerce David Copperfield into casting some mystical voodoo spell over the judges to sway the opinion in my favor.

Thus, the winner – me – will be featured in the spring '96 Structure photo campaign. Look for me to appear in this series of brazen, black-and-white spreads in your better men's magazines, most likely posing amongst barbells and rowing oars, should I get my way.

It is during this shoot when I will strive to make immature demands and develop a reputation as being difficult to work with, as my newfound success and power in the modeling industry will allow for such behavior.

In addition, I will receive a Structure sportswear wardrobe worth $2,000 and a contract with a "major modeling agency."

Boy oh boy, then I'm sure to get the babes. **H**



"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

August 9, 1992

Mrs. Leona Helmsley
C/o Federal Prison Camp
P.O. Box 1910
Danbury, Conn. 06813

Dear Leona,

As a fan of yours for several years now, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

I was very sorry to read of your troubles and that you are in jail. A shame! They say they can just lock you up for tax evasion? I say "Malarkey!" With all the murderers and drug dealers running loose on the streets, why pick on you?

What is it like in jail? I myself have only spent one night there back in 1941 but that's all straightened out now. I didn't like it one bit though and I bet you don't either. Is the food still horrible? That is why I am starting a Free Leona petition around my neighborhood so you can get out. Please feel free to make any suggestions.

We'll get you out soon -- don't you worry Leona! Justice will be done! But until then, don't drop the soap ok? Can I please have your autographed picture?

Thank you kindly,

Robert Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
4328 N.W. 61st Terr.
Oklahoma City, Ok. 73112

P.S. Tell your husband I thought he was sooo funny on The Jeffersons and that I am sorry Amen is not on anymore too.

HELMSLEY HOTELS 455 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 212-888-7000

March 11, 1993

Mr. Robert C. Clipson
4328 N.W. 61st Terrace
Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Dear Mr. Clipson:

Mrs. Leona Helmsley has requested that the following message be conveyed to you:

"As the most difficult and traumatic year of my life has come to an end, I reflect upon 1992 and wish to express my gratitude for your support and warm thoughts which have helped me make it through the lonely days and nights.

Your thoughtfulness and mail provided a nice diversion from the reality of my situation and demonstrated your genuine concern. I believe that true beauty is found in the hearts of people who take the time to show they truly care...and I thank you for your beautiful heart.

May 1993 be a better year for all of us. Bless you."

Sincerely,

Hubie B. Weyer/tmc

Miss Hubie B. Weyer
Personal Assistant

HBW/tmc

皮蛋豆腐
Chinese egg tofu

SUMMER MOVIE MADNESS!

By Rod Lott

I can't think of a more unexciting summer movie season than this joke we called 1995's. Usually, you can count on at least eight or nine must-sees; we didn't even come close to that this year.

Let's face it: Tom Nessnan will have a field day.

At the very least, there were no horrendous monstrosities like *The Flintstones* or *The Shadow*, both of which nearly derailed my summer enjoyment in 1994. But, then again, I didn't go see *First Knight*.

So now it's time to go through the highs and the lows again – mostly the lows, of which there are an unforgiveable too many. This year, we've even alphabetized the thing for your convenience and enjoyment.

Apollo 13

An edge-of-your-seat nailbiter, and understandably so: "Houston, we have a problem. I'm stranded in space with the guy from *Footloose*."

Bad Boys

"Whatcha gonna do?" Not pay money to see your stupid movie, that's what.

Batman Forever

I said it before and I'll say it again: Val Kilmer's no Batman. And Nicole Kidman's not sexy, either. The girl looks malnourished.

At one point toward the film's close, eternal overactor Jim Carrey turns to the camera and asks, "Was that over-the-top? I can never tell!" Which is exactly why I

can't stand that damned Jim Carrey.

Braveheart

What's with the blue paint on Mel's face? He looks like some new adversary for the Power Rangers. (Excerpt for the skirt, of course, which would make him look right at home in *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar.*)

The Bridges of Madison County
A Walk In the Clouds
First Knight
French Kiss
Mad Love

Five heartwarming stories about love between two people. It gives me pleasure to say that my wife failed to drag me to any of them.

Casper

Only in America could a film succeed with the message of "Dead kids are more fun."

Clueless

Amy Heckerling will probably never relive the greatness she did her first time out with *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, but at least this film was her first since 1989 that didn't have a talking baby.

Congo

Its title was far too reminiscent of that stupid Miami Sound Machine song to be able to say at the ticket counter with any acceptable level of comfort.

Crimson Tide

I missed this, but isn't this the film they took all the girls out of the room to see in fifth grade?

Fair Game

Cindy Crawford as an attorney? That's like...nah, that one's just *too* easy.

Fluke

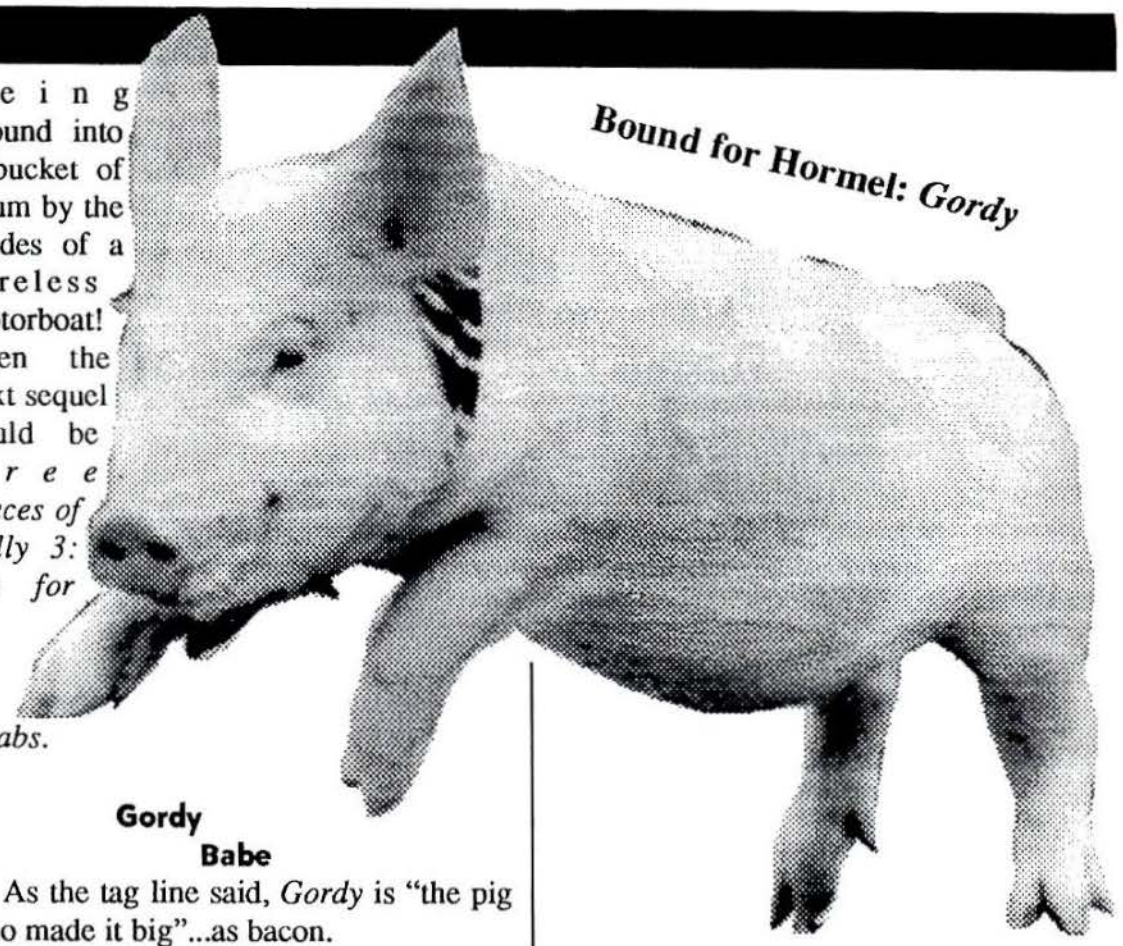
That someone agreed to bankroll this puppy, that is.

Forget Paris

Along with Billy Crystal's hopes of directing a third time 'round.

Free Willy 2: The Adventure Home

Oh, how I wish it had ended with Willy being ground into a bucket of chum by the blades of a careless motorboat! Then the next sequel could be *Free Pieces of Willy 3: Up for Grabs.*



Bound for Hormel: *Gordy*

Gordy
Babe

As the tag line said, *Gordy* is "the pig who made it big"...as bacon.

As the summer's second swine movie, *Babe* is about a pig that could talk. I wonder what he said as he was turned into porkchops?

The Indian In the Cupboard

This is the name for a kid's movie? It sounds like a vision of hell to me. Imagine finding a little Chinaman in your medicine chest or a miniature Hispanic in your dresser drawer. Would you *befriend* it? I'd bolt.

Johnny Mnemonic
Virtuosity
The Net
Hackers

Mnemonic was mind-mnumbing mnonsense, with Keanu Reeves as an expressionless automatron. So where's the stretch?

Suddenly, Hollywood thinks computer-based thrillers and action-adventures dealing with the Internet and virtual reality are what the public wants. Wrong. No one wants to pay to Sandra Bullock typing really, *really* fast, do they?

Judge Dredd

I am proud to report that Sylvester Stallone's latest bloated would-be epic has been subpoenaed, fined, held in contempt of court and convicted, and is currently awaiting execution on Death Row.

Lord of Illusions

It wasn't magic that made this one disappear, either.

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers
Operation Dumbo Drop
The Babysitters Club
A Goofy Movie
Bushwhacked

Five completely legitimate reasons I am very glad I don't have kids yet.

Mortal Kombat

Kinda like *Double Dragon*, *Street Fighter* and *Super Mario Bros.*, in that it's based on a videogame, except that it made money and was worth watching.

But who in the hell keeps kasting Kristopher Lambert?

Nine Months

Insert now-tired Hugh Grant sex joke here.

Pocahontas

You didn't listen, did you? Last year, I specifically asked the country to stop going to see these Disney animated films – they're the same damn formula thing after another – and yet, you went *again*. Will you *ever* learn? Disney's even a more evil corporation than Kinko's.

I'm told by a reliable source that a theater (as part of a big-name chain) in one of

Top 3 Actresses Who Somehow Appear Even More Attractive Standing Next to Me

1. Julianne Moore

2. Natasha Henstridge

3. Alicia Silverstone

the Northern states wanted to dump *Pocahontas*, which was doing piss-poor business after its first month out, to make room for a second screen of *Waterworld*, which at the time, was performing like the proverbial gangbusters.

Unfortunately, they had signed a contract with Disney that said the Indian princess would stay put until *they said so*.

That's a stupid and selfish business practice on the part of Disney, which is just out to make a buck regardless of what you think anyway, but someone should tell the theater chain that America is not – and has never been – under Communist rule.

A long, long time ago, Disney used to make great cartoon movies that have every right to be regarded as classics – *Fantasia* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarves* among them. Note that these were made and released when Walt was still alive. Nowadays, with the guy gone and his brother Roy installed in a mere figurehead position, they've just been repeating the same old formula. I don't care how good the animation is; it's the same story over and over: cute ingenue falls in love with someone she shouldn't, so inanimate objects come to life and sing happy songs, and eventually, things turn out for the best.

Walt was never one to settle; he always strived to come up with something else as original as the previous film. Yet today's Disney corporation is busy at work "revamping" *Fantasia*, cutting some numbers and replacing them with new ones, thus basically making less than half a new movie, yet charging you full price to see it, even though you've already seen most of it before, and no doubt many, many times.

Obviously, I boycotted this one, so maybe a reader who didn't can answer a question I have regarding the movie: What feel-good Alan Menken song was playing when Pocahontas was raped and the land of her people pillaged? Just curious.

Something to Talk About

But only if heavy profanities are involved in the discussion. As I stated last summer in regard *to I Love Trouble*, I *hate* Julia Roberts. This not-really-pretty woman can hold on to a relationship better than she can act.

Species

If all aliens looked even *half* that good, I might become a Trekkie....Then again, I possess dignity.

Tales from the Hood
Dangerous Minds

Come March, I pray the Academy doesn't overlook these gems in the category of Best Repeated Use of the Word "Funna."

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory

In which Steven Seagal's rectum is probed in search of the bug that causes his acting to be so wooden.

Waterworld

Let me get this straight: They paid $200 million dollars and Jeanne Tripplehorn's butt wasn't even really *her* butt? And we pitched in our $7.50 to watch Kevin Costner drink pee?

While You Were Sleeping

Awww...isn't that Sandra Bullock so *cute* and *adorable*? Don't you just want to pinch her cheeks and give her a big hug? *No*.

Once again, Hollywood's trying to make a star of someone with little star quality. So she was good in *Speed*; most any other actress could have been, too.

In my book, the season's most apt title. Thank goodness I saw it for free. **H**

Missed Marketing Opportunities

- *Nine Months* Norplant
- *Apollo 13* Moon Pies
- *Species* Home Pregnancy Test Kits
- *Free Willy* Tartar Sauce

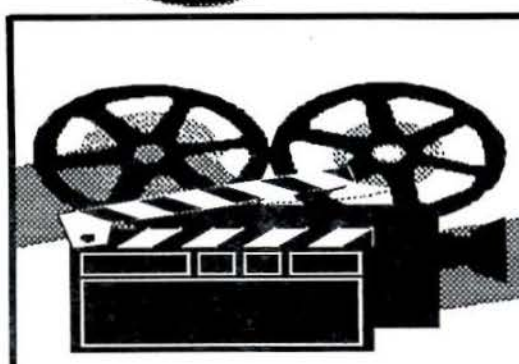
楊春麵
Spring noodles

Kiddie Flix Trivia

Q: What are the names of *Casper*'s three uncles?
A: *Spooky, Dreadlocks and Copernicus*

Q: What are the names of all six *Power Rangers*?
A: *Force, Trickle, Kent, Mischief, Plofty and Conway*

—*Steve Hunt*



Murrah Building Matinee

Top Dog

Chuck Norris' latest attempt at making a box-office ripple supposedly failed because it opened days after the Oklahoma City bombing, and its plot involved a mad bomber. That's a convenient excuse. It would've failed anyway because: 1) *Turner and Hooch* is six years old, 2) no one wants to see Chuck try comedy, and 3) those few who want to see him at all can sit at home and watch him for free on that show where he wears that hat.

Village of the Damned

John Carpenter's latest attempt at making a comeback supposedly failed because it opened days after the Oklahoma City bombing, and its plot involved a lot of explosions and zombie kids with spooky, dead-looking eyes. That's a convenient excuse. It would've failed anyway because: 1) it was perhaps the most poorly acted Hollywood release in years, 2) Kirstie Alley was in it, 3) Christopher Reeve hadn't yet saddled up for the last time, and 4) most people's own children are far more frightening, and can sit at home and get similar scares for free.

Die Hard with a Vengeance

Bruce Willis' latest attempt at world domination succeeded in spite of its opening days after the Oklahoma City bombing, even though its plot involved more explosions than the first two *Die Hard*s combined, thanks to a mad bomber terrorizing the citizens of an unsuspecting city. Even more amazingly, it contained many tricky brain-teasers that forced you to think, and people *still* went to see it.

PLASMA DONATION:

Lazy Man's Dream **or** ñēēDłē-ŘıDDēń ñığḥṭmāřē?

By Ryun Patterson

Are you tired of eating macaroni-and-cheese dinners for months on end?

Are the roaches in your apartment getting too forward now that they have realized you're too poor to buy another can of Raid?

Not to fear. There's a way any healthy person can grab a couple extra bucks with minimal effort while keeping all of his material possessions.

This miracle of capitalism is called plasma donation, and it's fun and easy. How fun and easy, you ask? Well, let my experience guide you toward a fulfilling experience full of needles, interesting people and exhilarating lightheadedness.

The first step to plasma donation is finding a place where plasma is accepted. Imagine your surprise and embarrassment if you show up at McDonald's with a gallon bag of plasma, and they say you have to pay money! You can usually find the nearest plasma center in the newspaper within ads that say, "Do you need X-tra cash for X-mas?" or something of that ilk.

Myself, being knowledgeable of the nearest plasma donation center, headed straight for the offices of Norman, Okla.'s own NABI Biomedical Inc. I walked in the brightly lit facility with joy in my soul and a renewed faith in America's capitalist system. What I left with, though, is a different story.

Mary, with whom I checked in, was thrilled at my choice to forego a job and live solely off the sale of my bodily fluids. She gave me several pamphlets to look over, including *The Facts about Plasma Donation*. This tract outlined the process in which I would donate my plasma, the portion of my blood (and yours, too) that contains water and proteins. It also is the material that makes up the corona of the sun, so I can see why it is valuable.

I learned that they would extract my blood via plastic tube and run it through a centrifuge, thereby separating the plasma from the red blood cells. These happy crimson globules then return to my body while the plasma is collected in a bag underneath the machine.

I returned to Mary's desk, satisfied with my knowledge in the arcana of plasma sales. She then proceeded to hand me 123 different waivers that shielded NABI from responsibility in the event of accidental death, deformity, bruises and overextraction of bodily fluids resulting in mummification.

After I signed these, she asked me a list of questions, including "Have you had any piercings or tattoos in the last 12 months?" and the ever-popular "Since 1979, have you taken money or drugs for sex?" I answered "no" to both of these, thankful of the fact that I went into rehab for my heroin-for-sex addiction in '78.

Following this little Q&A, I sat down and waited in the waiting area (imagine that!) for my name to be called. When it was ("Ryun," they said), I got ushered into a tiny booth where my blood pressure and temperature were taken.

I asked Denise, my friendly booth technician, if anyone had ever failed these tests, and she replied, "You'd have to be comatose or dead not to pass these ridiculous requirements. One guy came in here, *and I swear he had pneumonia.* He was coughing green stuff everywhere." After my stats were taken and she took some blood from my finger, Denise pronounced me "well above requirements," which meant, basically, that I was physically fit enough to have my lifeblood siphoned.

I waited in the entrance room for a bit

more, and eventually I was called back into the donation area ("Ryun," they said again), or as I call it, the Temple of Doom.

It was a cheery place, with posters on the wall proclaiming me a hero for helping all sorts of hemophiliac kids and burn victims with my plasma, a fluid I almost never use anyway.

I was given a plastic bottle and told to recline in a nifty, vinyl-upholstered, couch-like thing with an interchangeable armrest. Once I got comfortable, a guy in a white coat came up to me and announced, "Hi, I'm Vincent, and I'm going to stick you."

This is where the horror began.

My new buddy Vince, I found, was a licensed phlebotomist (from the Latin "phlebos," which, loosely translated, means "copious amounts of blood," and "tomus," meaning "to extract through lengthy and often tortuous means"). I didn't know whether he actually trained for this title, or if he just sent away for it with several proofs-of-purchase from Count Chocula. He didn't look all too menacing, though, so I didn't jump up and run away.

Although I figured they were going to have to be tricky in getting a rubber tube in my vein, I didn't know that the utensil for this project would be a *five-inch needle!*

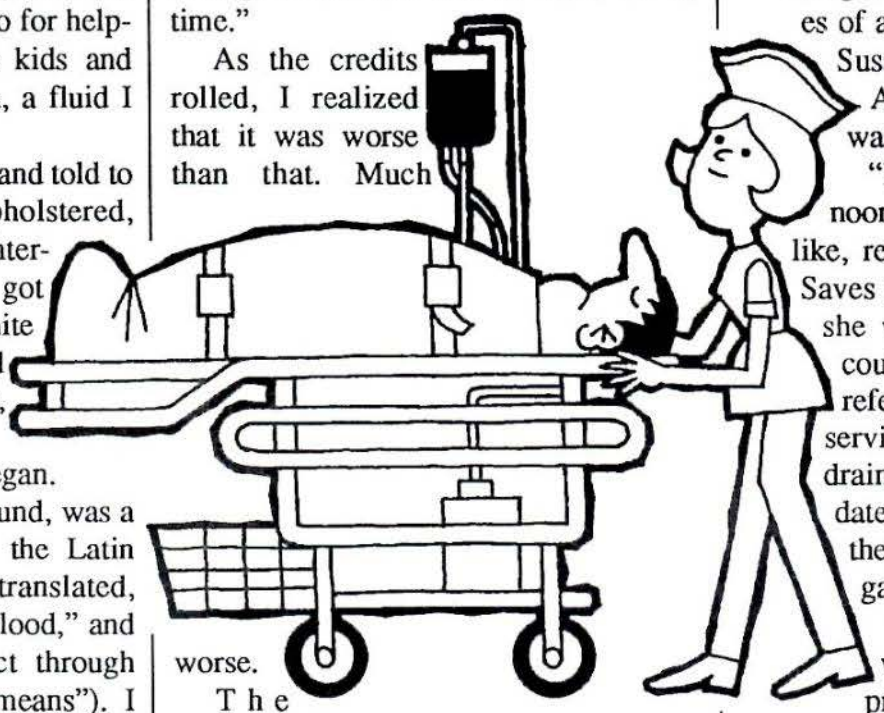
"This may sting a little," Vincent told me, as he prepared to ram the piece of metal into my fragile body.

I grinned and tried to bear the intrusion as best as I could. I hardly screamed at all.

Once that was over, I thought it would be smooth sailing. Pumping my hand on a foam bike-handle type thing, my blood went flowing from my body into the ungodly vampire machine. I laid back and noticed a TV positioned in my line of view, with a movie just starting.

"This is going to be a piece of cake," I thought. "I'll just lie here and watch some goofy movie like *Slapshot* or *Strange Brew* and I'll be done in no time."

As the credits rolled, I realized that it was worse than that. Much worse.



The movie they had decided to screen was *Alive*, the heartwarming true story of a bunch of South American soccer players whose plane crashes in snowy mountains and they discover the many ways of preparing human buttocks.

So, just to clarify, I was lying there listening to some actor named Antonio something say, "I always thought Ricardo had a nice ass, but this is *delicious*," while some hellspawned satanic device drained me of my only current possession.

To clear suicidal impulses from my tortured, yet greedy, mind, I decided to engage in conversation with my fellow plasmic entrepreneurs.

The first guy, whose name was Bob, sported a tattoo that read "Real American" on his forearm. I asked him why he was in need of monetary assistance to the point of marketing his fluidic birthright. All he gave me was a gruff stare, so I, lacking a matching "Real American" tattoo, didn't say anything else, for fear of being called a communist or other un-"Real American" names.

The girl on my left, who, for purposes of anonymity, shall be known as Susan Richardson, 1534 Porter Ave., Norman, Okla. 73071, was more talkative.

"I just do this on Friday afternoons," she said. "I get drunk, like, really easy after I tap a vein. Saves on my beer money." At least she was honest, and I thought I could make tons of dough off referrals by setting up a dating service which would arrange for a draining before dinner on first dates. Maybe "We set them up for the kill!" would be a good slogan.

Susan and I had just begun a wonderful conversation on the pros and cons of getting drunk and going home with whoever would take you when my plasma machine started beeping. Thinking that I had somehow just doomed myself to a low sperm count, chronic halitosis or some other handicap, I yelled for Vincent at the top of my lungs.

In about five minutes, Vince came over and told me it was beeping because I was finished. My Stokeresque nightmare was over.

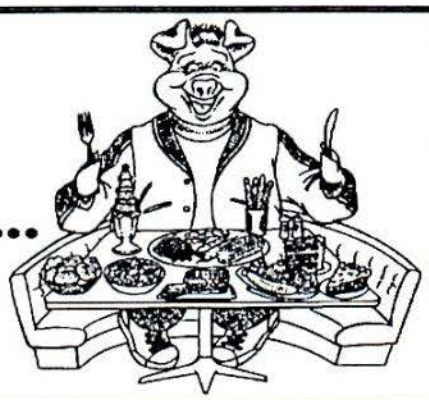
My $15 reward didn't go far that week, so I had to keep giving plasma, which I do to this day. I now have a scar on my left arm the size of Idaho, and I'm beginning to look a little pale. But don't let this dissuade you from going down and donating *right now*.

It may be painful, scary and a little weird, but hey, you get free money and grape Kool-Aid, and that's what America is all about.

Isn't it? **H**

Before You Donate...

EATING TIPS FOR YOU TO FOLLOW



OKAY TO EAT	NOT OKAY TO EAT
✔ Tuna packed in water	✘ Pork
✔ Grape-Nuts	✘ Donuts
✔ Egg whites	✘ Bean soups
✔ Natural applesauce	✘ Mayonnaise
✔ Lowfat cottage cheese	✘ Pimento loaf
✔ Kix	✘ Clam chowder
✔ Chicken noodle soup	✘ Corn dogs
✔ Mrs. Dash	✘ Knockwurst

Countryoids Invade America!

Where You Gonna Go?
Where You Gonna Run?
Where You Gonna Hide?

By Ryun Patterson

For most of my life, I thought country music was just God's way of annoying me, but I've found something under its surface – something strange and eerie.

The other day, I was reading the paper and came across something weird. In a front-page story on country music and its surrounding culture, somebody commented that the stereotyping of country music fans was "a mild form of racism."

Initially I disregarded this quote as something a dumb hick would say just to get in the paper. Upon further review, however, I uncovered a major scientific discovery.

I have found, through extensive research, that fans of country music are *actually another race* (which I shall refer to as the "Countryoid" race), set apart from the rest of humanity by several different distinguishing characteristics.

1. APPEARANCE

Countryoids can usually be identified by their strange and unusual garb, consisting of "cowboy boots," or shoelike foot coverings that offer no traction on any surface. Accompanying these "boots" is the "cowboy hat," a head covering constructed of either beaver fur or straw that accomplishes nothing except making the wearer's head look really small. I believe in the land from which they originated, their main predator was a beast that chose its victims based on cranial capacity. Using this silly chapeau, the Countryoids were able to fool this wily beast.

The size of these "hats" is measured by how many gallons of water they can hold, adding to my hypothesis that the Countryoids evolved in a desert climate and, lacking camels, needed a place to store their water for nomadic voyages.

Another peculiarity of Countryoid garb is the so-called "bolo tie." As far as I can tell, this is nothing more than a string wrapped around the neck and secured with a paper clip-like device. They've got to be kidding. Maybe as part of their assimilation into our society, these monstrous beings decided to have a little fun with us mortals and make up this stupid "tie." I have no reasonable explanation.

2. LANGUAGE

This is perhaps the most intriguing aspect of Countryoid life. Their vocabulary obviously evolved differently than the rest of the world, making their language hard to decode without months of study. With my research experience, I have compiled a short list of English phrases and their Countryoid translations (see Table 1).

Besides their colorful expressions, Countryoids express their emotions with shouts. When they're happy, they yell, "YEEEEEHAAAAA!" When they're upset, they yell, "YEEEHAAA!" And when they're sad, they mournfully wail, "YEEHA!" Much can be learned about their culture from their language, but further study is needed.

3. MATING HABITS

When Countryoids originally came to North America from the Gobi Desert, they were very xenophobic, mating only with their own kind. In the last 100 years, however, this has changed dramatically. The first recorded incident of Countryoid and human offspring was in Utah, a locale favored by the Countryoids for its climate and relative backwardness. But in the 1970s, there emerged a hybrid group, a man and his sister who made their way into the popular music scene with an interesting mish-mash of human and Countryoid music (for more on music, refer to Section 4, "Music").

It wasn't overt, but to those who knew what was going on, they proclaimed their interspecies heritage with one ululating the cry, "I'm a little bit country," with the other screeching, "And I'm a little bit rock 'n'

TABLE 1

The Countryoid Translation Pocket Guide of Select English Phrases

"Hi, how are you?"	*"Howdy."*
"It sure is hot today."	*"Get on your asbestos underwear, it's a hot 'un!"*
"Boy, I ate too much at lunch."	*"I'm fuller' na tick in a blood-bank!"*
"That person sure is attractive."	*"She sure puts the starch in my britches!"*
"Wow!"	*"Well, shoot me in the foot and call me gimpy!"*

蔥油海蜇
jelly fish

roll." But this was but the first incursion of these half-breeds into our society.

That same decade, a group of subjects from a Countryoid/human breeding project escaped from their compound in Waco, Texas, and found their way to Los Angeles. These half-breeds found an audience in the newly matured half-breeds across the nation. Naming themselves "The Eagles," these offshoots milked their novelty for all it was worth. Most of them were recaptured in the early '80s, but they managed to escape imprisonment once again. Is this a sign that the apocalypse is upon us? I believe it is.

One other offshoot from the two races is the enigmatic Garth Brooks. His real name is unpronounceable in English, and he has used ancient Countryoid sorcery to make everyone think he's keen and give him lots of dough. But I have to warn you: *He is evil! He must be stopped!* But I digress.

4. MUSIC

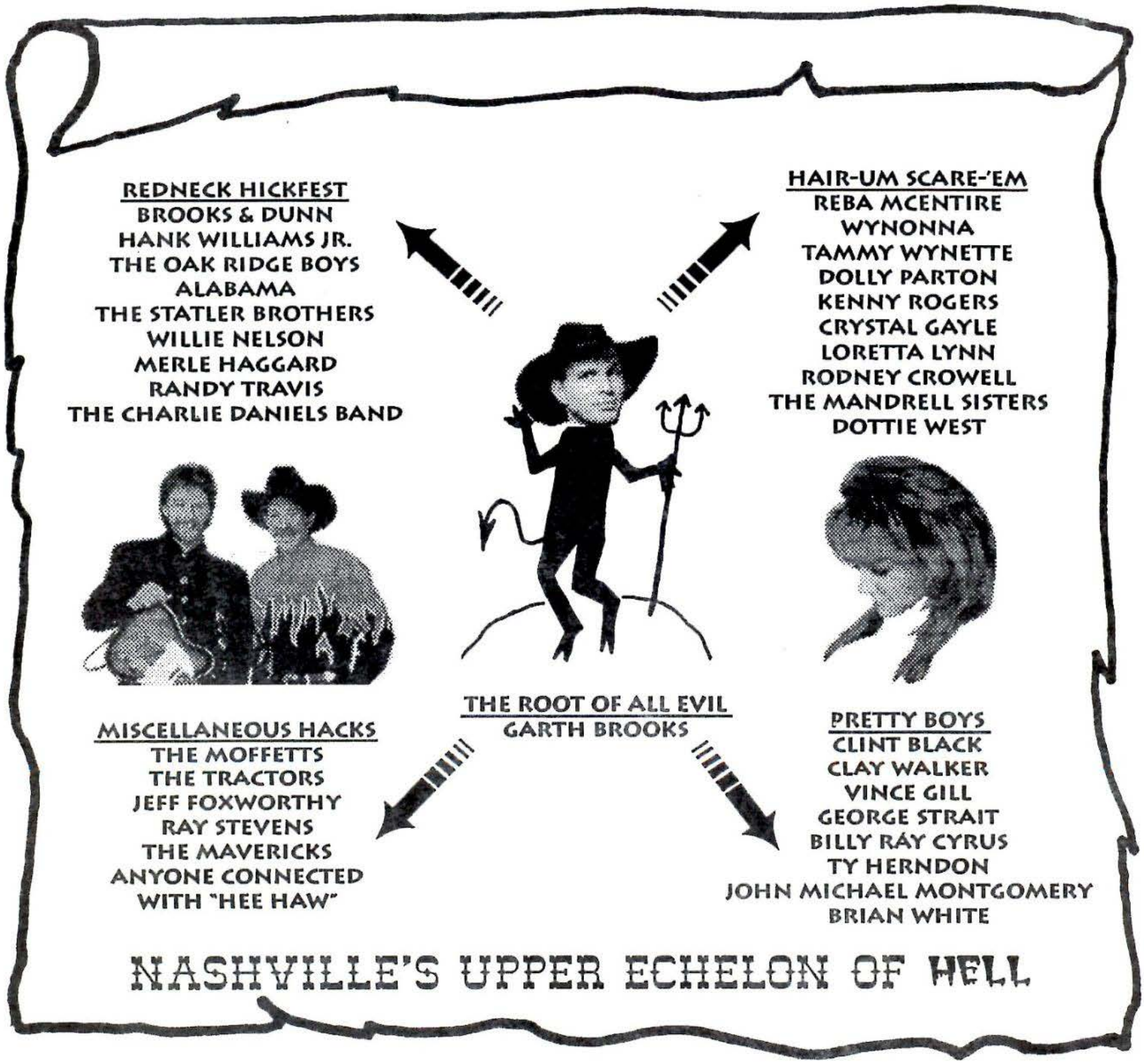
Countryoids' chemical balances are strangely different than our own, as they derive pleasure from feeling depressed. Thus, their musicians' work is mainly comprised of depressing incidents in life, hoping to conjure up this euphoric depression in fellow Countryoids. Here's an example:

Country Singer: "My woman left me today / I'm feelin' sad and gray / I came strollin' home / Found my dog dead, I'm all alone."

Countryoid: "YEEHA!"

We may never fully understand these gentle, backwards folk, but we must learn to live with them. If we don't, we may extinguish a culture that is unique in our world – a culture where you can ride around in a red pickup, screaming your lungs out, and still be considered cool.

Besides, what would we do with all this extra beaver fur? **H**



Country Music Cuties

It's Not Just Their Hits That Are Big

By Malena Lott

In a different life, I think my husband liked country music. I suspect he even sang along as he bumped along the dirt roads in his 4x4 pick-up, tipped his straw hat and met the other wranglers down at the corner for a beer-guzzling session and talk of country music sweethearts that kept them up at night on CMT. Yes, even cowboys have cable.

And along with every other red-blooded American male, country music's cutie-pies always catch their ever-roving eyes. They might hear a song on the jukebox at the local bar and believe the song to be, at best, a twang as good as the rest, then see the video portraying (or displaying, as the case may be) the singer and pronounce from then on out that it merits votes for the next "Star-Spangled Banner!" Simply put, looks are everything for women in country music.

While these same country bumpkins deny it was looks that put their sugary songs on the charts, these Noxema-fresh, cover-girl cuties are the same women that splash extra pictures of themselves in their CDs for added exposure. It's more than savvy PR on their parts; if they're not seen, they've committed career suicide. Let's talk names: Shania Twain, the IT girl of the moment; Faith Hill, last year's IT girl; and Suzy Boguss, to name a few. These smoldering good-girl sexpots are selling records out the wazoo (perhaps even literally).

Size-2 beauty Shania Twain is breaking hearts of men all over the place. Her CD, *The Woman in Me*, has exactly six poses of herself looking hot-and-bothered in the water, in an off-the-shoulder red sweater and in a curvy blue dress with a come-hither look, all shot by Svengali shutterbug John Derek (husband of Bo). We all know sex sells, and Shania is just keeping with the good-boys of Nashville's advice: "Look good and don't cause any trouble." My husband, who in this life despises country music and is embarrassed of my CD collection, thinks she's a hottie and will withstand listening to a couple of her songs because I am sure he is fantasizing about her at the same time. *(Editor's Note: Who's listening?)*

Faith Hill, who turned my brother-in-law into a country music fan for a brief period in history, has seven pictures of herself in her CD *Take Me As I Am*, including one of her actually on the disc in case a hormonally crazed fan wants to watch Faith spin as he listens and swoons.

I have nothing against these women; I simply wish the less photogenic country stars had the same running start. The rest of the music world couldn't give a damn what the artists looks like. Hard rock? Ewww. Mick Jagger, Steven Tyler, Dave Pirner? Good looks in alternative music is definitely an exception to the rule. R.E.M.? Hootie and the Blowfish? Hole (with non-beauty heroin queen Courtney Love)? Ugly, but loved all the same.

What happens to the female musicians trying to make it in country music that don't happen to have pin-up appeal? Take it from Wynonna Judd, who, let's face it, is a horse-face and doesn't get half the publicity now that her gorgeous mama left the group; you gotta keep pluggin' away, hoping the industry will notice your talents, and radio will give you airplay because your song is great, not because you wore a half-shirt in your video and turned a few million men on.

Thinking back, there were a few lookers who made it way back when – Patsy Cline before her demise, Loretta Lynn, Tammy Wynette, Dolly Parton – all still players in the industry one way or another. But now we've got 'em by the dozen, fading in and out: Big Hair today, gone tomorrow. God forbid one of these women wore what she wanted, weighed what she wanted, fixed her hair how she wanted. These women alone keep the hair spray industry in business! (Yes, Reba, you have big hair.) It would take me a while to think of one that doesn't, and I don't want to waste your time.

Wanna be country music's next tight-jeaned, hot-lipped woman? Here are a few tips:

1. Change your name to Faith, Hope, Charity or something exotic and sexy.

2. Wear Daisy Dukes to your audition and put big rollers in your hair to rat the hell out of it.

3. Make sure you hire a good photographer to take lots of pictures of you for your CD jackets.

4. Practice looking teary-eyed and sexy in lots of close-up in the camera crooning, *"He broke my hear-er-er-er-er-er-t!"*

5. Practice lying about how you were this homely girl in student council who wasn't asked to the prom. (Lots of hicks will then call in to the radio station, request your song and tell the DJ, "I'da took 'er to the prom!"

In all seriousness, there are country fans out there who are educated and refined beyond the skills of putting one boot on at a time. But don't try to convince my husband of this; he thinks they are an alien species and the artists get their songs from Cracker-Jack boxes. Well, no one is perfect.

And as for the women of the past, present and future in country music: Stand up for yourself. It's more than okay to be pretty and talented; it's quite another to demand the world give you a shot based on looks alone. Hoorah. You're selling records and I'm probably buying them, but make room for your homely sisters. Besides, don't you know the spotlight is bad for your skin? **H**

Shania Twain: Warning! Curves ahead!

Now Ear THIS

Sometimes I'm wrong.

The very first time I heard "What Would You Say?" – the first single from Dave Matthews Band – on the radio, there was just something about it (the harmonica show-off, perhaps?) that led me to believe the band was destined for one-hit wonderland. So when the entire album, ***Under the Table and Dreaming*** (RCA), arrived, I wasn't exactly eager to give it a spin.

Thankfully, though, I did. This was one of those rare instances in which I was wrong, and because of it, I've found an album that quickly and quietly has established itself for a long life as an all-time favorite.

I was immediately hooked by the opening seconds of the first cut, "The Best of What's Around," which may very well be the most beautiful song I've ever heard in my 24+ years. Surprisingly, there are two handfuls of songs far better than the party-style theatrics of "Say?," including the aforementioned "Around," the lilting "Satellite," the driving infectiousness of "Ants Marching, the pacific urgentness of "Typical Situation" and the is-it-about-oral-sex-or-isn't-it "Jimi Thing," which, to use a teenage phrase I detest but is applicable, rocks.

A mix of rock, jazz and world beat, Matthews' music is delivered with an earthy feel to it, with cryptic but no less clever lyrics attached. His voice coarse and rough-hewn, Matthews lends a lot of weight with his abrupt phrasing and all its not-so-apropos pauses. It's refreshing to hear a band today that is not an all-out guitar assault, and the only ones you'll hear here are the acoustic kind. The other four band members take up the sax, flute and violin – all instruments uncommon in pop music but used here to glorious effect.

With pop music of today becoming decreasingly smart, Dave Matthews Band's major-label debut is nothing short of a revelation. With not a bad song of the bunch, the album amazes. It's taken a permanent residence in my player, not likely to be unseated for longer than a day or two.

It'll keep you floating, more than just for a while.

❧ ❧ ❧

Last issue we raved about the compilation CD of music from the films of director Hal Hartley, which contained songs and scores from all his movies except the recent *Amateur*. That's because that film has its own album now: ***Amateur Soundtrack*** (Matador). Boasting a well-known lineup of alternative acts, it probably will be owned by more people than those who saw the movie.

Included are such alternagods as Liz Phair, Pavement, Jesus Lizard and PJ Harvey, but – surprise of all surprises! – the best songs come from two bands I've never heard of before, the Aquanettas and Red House Painters.

The former opens the album with "Mind Full of Worry," an utterly catchy tune fronted by a lackadaisical female voice that can barely bring herself, it seems, to express all the crap she's currently going through. *"You can say to me what you will / But I've been down and I've my fill,"* she moans, before ending the three-minute romp with the wail of many an apathetic adolescent, "One more drink and I'm gone."

Its polar opposite can be found in the Painters' "Japanese to English," a deliciously low-key number that's so quiet, most listeners may be quick to dismiss it. Don't.

The tune relates the story of an American man in Japan, "a million miles from home, 15 from a pay phone," in love with a woman with whom he cannot communicate. Somber but engaging, it ultimately sounds like The Ocean Blue inadvertently played on 33 rpm. That's a compliment.

Phair's cut is good, but it's not new. Pavement is a bit slight. And maybe it's just me, but My Bloody Valentine has the same effect on me as fingernails across a chalkboard.

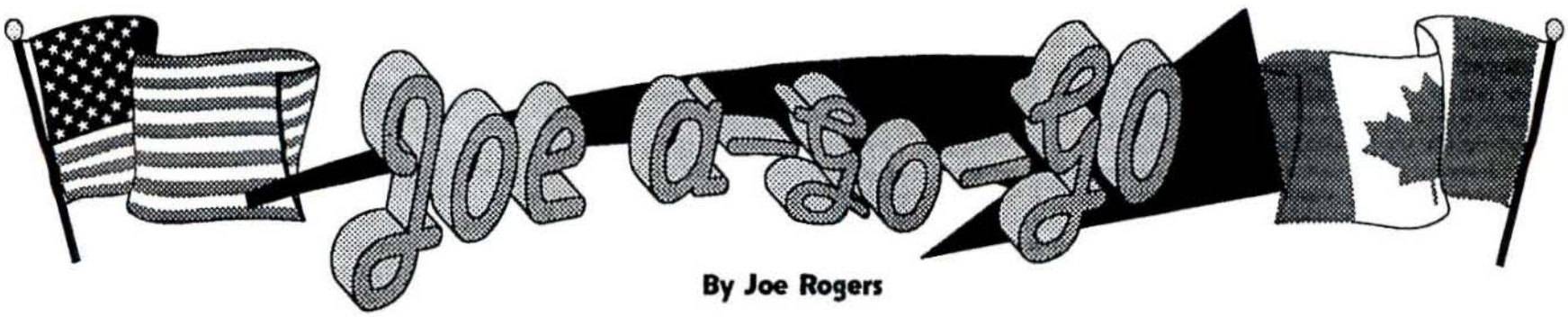
The last half of the cuts are two-minute snippets of Hartley's score. Utilizing violins and whispered notes of women, it is more ambitious than his previous scores, more precisely crafted yet not as accessible. Like the film itself, the score has many layers that require full attention in order to peel away at them and find its heart.

❧ ❧ ❧

The sophomore album of one of America's finest unknown bands, Goober & the Peas, picks up the same knowing, nudging mix of humor and hillbilly punk that made their debut an automatic classic. On ***The Jet-Age Genius of...Goober & the Peas*** (Detroit Municipal Recordings), Goob and the boys continue to answer the question, "What would it sound like if Hank Williams Sr. did speed?"

The album kicks off with "Cordially Invited," a hilarious stunner in which Goober addresses his guests at a dinner party in a lengthy monologue. Interrupting the Peas' style of anarchic cowboy rock is a brief foray into be-bop jazz, as well as Goober's scolding of the audience for not mingling or ever inviting him to their houses. "Killing Is Bad" is a riotous satire on vegetarians, while "Alienation (Peer Group)" proves that the Peas "don't give diddely-squat" about what others think of them. I happen to think they're a gift from God. Even with all the insanity at hand (as well as the quick digs at "La Bamba," "California Girls" and "Uncle Albert"), Goober & the Peas are no novelty act.

Goober alone has more talent in his right baby toe than Garth Brooks has in that enormous hat. If you like twisted hybrid bands, Goober & the Peas will no doubt be your cup of J.D.



By Joe Rogers

The Continuing Adventures of a Real-Life Ramblin' Man: Further On Up (Down) the Road

Ah, yes...that Jack Kerouacian highway thing, that Steppenwolfian headin' on the highway, lookin' for adventure, that Woody Guthriesque driftin' with that dusty ole dust struck me once again, what with those summertime free, happy-go-lucky feelings floating all around and about my being, a welcome reprieve from responsibility and a burgeoning bank account. Well, okay, so my bank account wasn't exactly burgeoning, but it did have enough dollars to finance a semi-frugal jaunt across the roadways of North America.

Tracie (my traveling companion) was in Alberta, which would be the first stop along the way. So I called my landlord and asked him to pick up the mail (he quickly agreed suspiciously), packed the car with the necessities of road life (tent, sleeping bags, Bob Dylan cassettes) and headed west out of Vancouver (that being the only way). So I hopped on the Trans-Canada and headed for Banff, Alberta, a small town perched just east of the Continental Divide. In the Rocky Mountains. Know what that means to a road voyager? Up and down, up and down, up and down. Absolutely beautiful, of course – especially to a flatlander like me.

The route curved northward at Hope heading for Kamloops, where it curved back southwest until I reached Salmon Arm. I stopped in at a roadside Subway in that small burg and was treated by fast, friendly service.

"I'll take a veggie sandwich on wheat bread," I said to the worker.

"Huh?" she asked. "White or brown?"

Evidently, they didn't know the term "wheat" with reference to bread types in Salmon Arm.

"Wheat," I said stubbornly, "wheat bread." When she didn't budge and retained that comforting glassy-eyed, glazed-over look, I gave in. "Brown bread, please."

She looked a bit surprised at my order of a submarine sandwich sans meat. But then, I assume she figure, them city folks're all might weird. "Whereabouts you from?" she inquired.

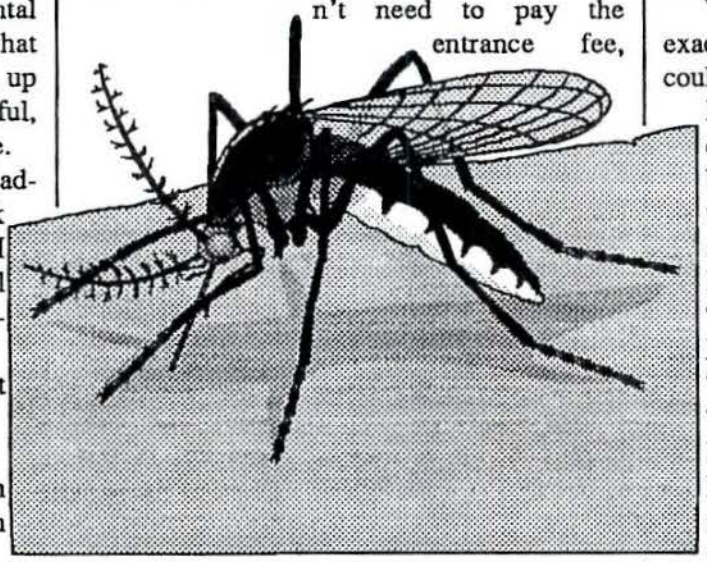
"Vancouver," I replied.

"Oh," she said, with that damn-you-trendy-cityfolk-tourists tone of voice. It baffled me, of course – I mean, whom do you figure half the highway-side Subways cater to? Denizens? Natives? Hmmm. Reckon perhaps it's the trendy cityfolk tourists who butter a good portion of the owner's bread.

I noticed that she was skimping me on the lettuce, tomatoes and just about everything my sandwich came with. "Could you throw a little more lettuce on there?" I asked. "I know you meat-eaters don't give a damn for much of anything green, but this is a meal to me. Those tomatoes aren't just toppings on my sandwich." I did go on a limb with that statement, gambling that she knew what the word "toppings" meant.

She piled on more lettuce on my brown bread. Damn trendy cityfolk tourist, her eyes snarled.

I reached the toll station entering Banff National Park a little after 10 p.m. I hadn't stopped earlier as I'd initially planned, as all the motels flashed "No Vacancy" in neon. That had thrown a kink into my plans – I hadn't planned on spending the night in my tent. But, hey, I had no choice. I bypassed the toll station and didn't pay a cent, though, on a matter of principle. I mean, pay money to spend a night in your tent in a park? No, thank you. I made like I was bypassing the whole park, in which case I didn't need to pay the entrance fee, whatever it was. I just hoped I didn't get a ticket. But, hell, I figured, if I did get one, I'd put it alongside the other tickets I've acquired through the years and haven't paid, but rather used them as collage material in my living room. In fact, a Banff National Park ticket would fit nicely besides the ones from Michigan, California and Oklahoma. And, just as long as I never drive in Petoskey, San Francisco or Oklahoma City again, or at least never get stopped in those towns while driving through them, they did make nice collage material. Oh, what a rebel I am at heart. And, of course, a penny saved is a penny earned.



I pulled off into one of the camping areas and drove around looking for a place to pitch my tent, but they were all filled with families resembling that Canadian ha-ha cartoon strip *For Better or For Worse*, with screaming kids running around and, I assume, urinating all over the toilet seats. I looked down at my Rand McNally atlas and saw that there was another campground a few miles ahead, and headed for it. However, it was inaccessible due to road construction. Well, I figured, alright, so I'll have to find a KOA or some other sort of pay-to-stay up ahead, and drove onward. Sure enough, within 30 miles, I came across a sign announcing the existence of a "Nice Clean Campground!" just off the road. I pulled up to the ramshackle house where the proprietors ran things.

"How much to pitch a tent?" I asked, getting straight to the point.

"Eleven dollars," the pleasingly plump woman said. She slid a form across the counter. I filled in my name, address and all that other crap with her ballpoint pen and went out to the spot she pointed out.

When I got out of the car, though, I realized exactly what I'd forked over $11 for, and it could be summed up in two words: Mosquito Metropolis. I mean, there were enough mosquitoes there to turn my calves into a red-bump-infested area before I'd gotten the tent halfway up. I dropped the whole thing and returned to the white trash management HQ.

"Mosquitoes are pretty bad out there, huh?" I said irritatedly.

"Golly, yeah, they sure are," she replied in a "My-how-surprising" tone of voice. "Pesky little fellows, aren't they?"

I felt like soundly thrashing her for taking my money without telling me of the malaria threat she housed on her land, but was determined to tent. I looked around and saw on the makeshift shelves behind me about five different types of mosquito repellent for sale. Surprising mosquitoes, huh? I looked at the prices stuck on the Off and other DEET chemical cancerous spray products. Nine dollars. I mean, nine *fucking* dollars for a can of Off! The tenting price at this Nice Clean Campground! would amount not to $11, but $20. Mighty industrious, I thought. And to think you played the part of happy hostess for me.

"Well," I said, "I'm not staying out there, and I'm not paying $9 for that."

"Hmmm," she said.

"Hmmm," I said.

"Well," she said, "you should expect mosquitoes out there this time of year." By that, she meant, "You can forget about getting a refund."

"Jesus H. Christ," I said angrily, and walked out of the place. I didn't feel like fighting. I only knew that I wasn't about to be turned into nothing more than a very large mosquito bite that night. I ran back over to my tent and threw the whole thing into the trunk without rolling it back up. That could wait; the mosquitoes were just so unbelievably everywhere.

I gunned it out of the white trash campground, mumbling all sorts of obscene words along the way. I sped down the Trans-Canada with the windows down. The mosquitoes had followed me into the car, and were biting my head.

I mean, my *head* for chrissake! Very disconcerting.

And, just for the record, let me dispel here and now any myths about the roadside rest areas that are scattered along highways and interstates everywhere: They should only be called "stopping areas." If you think getting any sleep in the front seat of your car between 1 and 5 in the morning with semis blowing by is a given, you're sadly mistaken. I mean, the car got a rest, I suppose, and I did close my eyes for a few hours, but sleep did not come a-knockin'. Oh well, I figured, at least it's free. **H**

In front of the Vancouver Art Museum, there is an established hangout for all sorts of types of people. Neo-hippies lounge on its steps, an East German man challenges passers-by to a game a chess (at $5 a pop) and peddlers set up tables selling everything from T-shirts to poetry. It's sort of an eclectic spot.

There was, and still is, a man with a blue goatee who piqued my curiosity every time I passed through that Deadhead zone en route to the former location of the downtown library. My interest did not solely come from his, um, *interesting* facial hair. It came from his set-up as well. But, then again, who wouldn't be just a little bit *hmmmed* by a table filled with photocopies and fronted by a sign reading "LEGALIZE HEMP"?

So I interviewed him. (Several times, we were interrupted by guys wanting to know where they "could score some hooter.") He did not give his name and refused to be photographed, so you'll just have to use your imagination. For our purposes, we'll just call him Bluebeard.

Joe: Okay, so, what exactly are you doing out here?

Bluebeard: Trying to promote a plant.

Joe: A plant?

Bluebeard: A plant called *cannabis sativa.*

Joe: Okay.

Bluebeard: It's a...it's a harmless plant. It's been on the earth for thousands and thousands of years. Uh...but for some reason, there was a plant in history, a six, lemme see, two, three, about four, maybe six thousand years ago, there was a plant and it had a lot to do with the people and religion. The god was called Mazda, and he loved this plant. It was a psychedelic plant, and it corrupted a whole government. A whole system changed because of one plant. There's never been a plant on the earth that could change a whole system until this plant now. We've got a plant that's growing now that can change a whole way of life.

Joe: Where was all this happening?

Bluebeard: In the Middle East somewhere. Persia, somewhere of that area.

Joe: But it wasn't the same—

Bluebeard: It was called a different name, but, uh, it might be, it might be, I don't know what was the name of the plant. And it's a very different name, but I don't remember. But it was a plant that grew, and that had THC content, and uh, same stuff basically. Maybe the same, but with a different name, I don't know.

Joe: So where do you come up with this "Yahweh is the only real god, Christianity is false god"?

Bluebeard: Not *god*. Yahweh is the only *creator*. There's a big difference. God is where they stay in buildings, statues, and people go and give money and worship their gods. A creator is me, you, and all around us. Big difference.

Joe: How is Christianity false, then?

Bluebeard: They believe that they are the temple of their lord cult, and so therefore, they believe that anyone who smokes pot or dope is not pure like them. You know, but yet, they look at bacon, which is pork as okay, they look at alcohol, which men beat up women, their wives, and so on, being a very violent thing, as okay, smoking tobacco, which causes tuberculosis, that's okay, and on and on, whilst this is a deadly enemy.

Joe: Okay. So what's this on the back of your shirt?

Bluebeard: Nazareen, which is a freedom fighter. It's a Hebrew word. They believe in going against things that is not proper justice. And if it's strong enough, the government will fail, because power is to the people.

Joe: So what sort of people come by and talk to you? All sorts?

Bluebeard: Idiots like me.

Joe: Do you have anyone come by and try to preach to you or try to save you or something like that?

Bluebeard: No, no, no. They figure I'm already damned and I'm of the devil. I'm pretty well-established here by the religions, you know. They've all got me labeled.

Joe: How do you make money doing this?

Bluebeard: It's no money. It's a belief or a movement, and you have faith, if it's a good thing, and I think it is, the creator who's created the earth will work things out to your benefit. Things will go your way 'cause it's positive. You know, it's a movement.

Joe: And do you find that to be true in your life? That things go your way?

Bluebeard: Oh, wow, yeah. You know, they say when you're at peace with yourself or the universe, even your enemies like you for some reason they don't understand. I'm fine with that. There's people that hate marijuana and what I'm doing, but they sorta like me for a reason – because I'm standing up for something or...I don't know.

Joe: Ever get harassed by the cops?

Bluebeard: No, no. Some officers of the law smoke marijuana. I'd like to hire some girl, a good-looking girl to come by sometime, and every time that the cops come by, I'd get her to...you know what I mean? Get her to use her feminine charm. Because I find that a lot of men, they turn to water when there's a woman around. One of their weaknesses in these times.

Joe: So do women ever stop and chat?

Bluebeard: More men. More men than women are smokers. Women seem to like different kinds of stuff, you know.

Joe: Is that involved, too, or is it just marijuana?

Bluebeard: Oh, just plant – just Mary Jane, yeah, just Mary Jane. I don't think what they're doing to the opium, the beautiful flower, what they're doing to that today, what they're doing to the cocaine leaf today, it's barbaric, you know what I mean, it's very sad. The people that used to get up in the morning and chew on that leaf, you know, it was good for their teeth, for their gums, give them a stimulant, make them work, it was all-natural, you know. But now...that's why I'm kinda scared of this, you know, because people may misunderstand this, you know.

Joe: So they don't harass you? Like what you're doing is legal?

Bluebeard: Yeah, it's charity.

Joe: Charity?

Bluebeard: Charity, yeah, what would you call it? Promotion of decriminalizing Mary Jane. That's charity, or a movement or belief. What I'm doing is okay. They don't like it, but they can't do a thing about it.

Joe: So how do you ever change the laws and the perceptions?

Bluebeard: Well, you've got to interflow the commercialism and stop commercialism on a Monday and a Friday. On Monday, they want to come into the city, and you make it very difficult for them by marching. All the cellular phones will go directly to the mayor. And on Friday, all the people that've made their money, they want to go back to their whatever, and so you interfere with that. You interfere with their coming and going, and all this negativity is going to go back to the mayor. And he's gonna ask the question "Why?" And he's gonna hear from me and whatever, and we'll tell him exactly what we want, right? Tell him to leave it alone. There's a lot of warriors out there that believe in what I'm doing. You hold your ground and don't break the law, and they can't do anything. You can't stop it. All the young people want it, so you can't stop it. **H**

A Norris for a Norris

By Rod Lott

If you're one of those people (and believe me, there are many) who have either thought to themselves or said right aloud, "You know, while I agree that Chuck Norris really came into his own opposite Louis Gossett Jr. in *Firewalker*, there's something extra-convincing about his performances in *Braddock: Missing in Action III*, *Delta Force 2: Operation Stranglehold*, *The Hitman* and *Top Dog* that I can't quite put my finger on," there's reason why.

And it's because those four films were directed by none other than Chuck's own brother, the beefy Aaron Norris, perhaps one who knows Chuck best, a helpful attribute to possess when trying to coax those complex emotions needed from an actor in order to pull triggers while speaking in witty catch-phrases.

No one agrees more than Chuck himself, who describes their heartfelt working relationship as one that goes "way beyond the typical actor/director relationship. As brothers, we know each other's talents. If I disagree with one of Aaron's directions, we'll shoot a scene twice – his way and then mine. But, in the end, Aaron's approach is almost always right."

Huh?

Aaron has equal heaps of praise to offer his sibling, too, particularly with his grueling, er, performance in *The Hitman*:

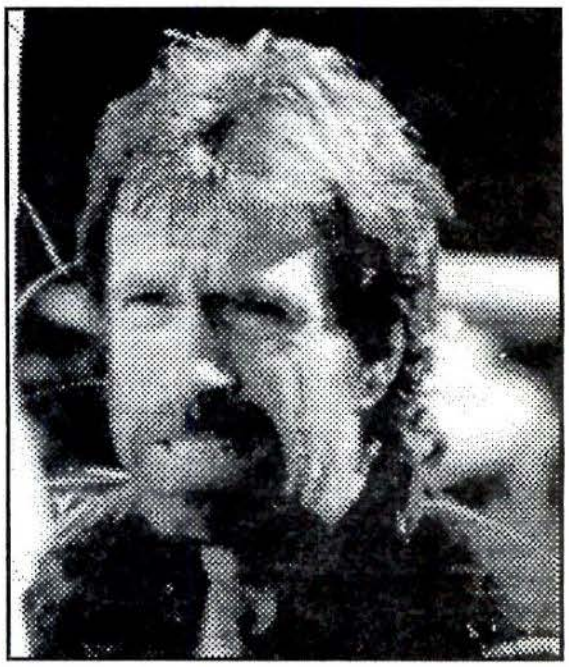
"It's no more Mr. Nice Guy. Chuck's no longer the easy-going fellow who only fights back when pushed too far. In this film, touch him and he explodes! I tried to put everything into the film to fit Chuck's new personality – from wardrobe to jewelry to the way he walks. Even his hair is longer."

And just what is it about Aaron's directing skills that has led to this impressive Norris-brother *oeuvre*?

"Basically, Chuck is three people in this movie, and I directed all three differently," articulates Aaron. "At first, he's rather naive and pleasant. Then, after his alleged 'death,' he turns fierce and volatile – totally unapproachable. Yet, underneath that angry exterior, there is a soft and loving side."

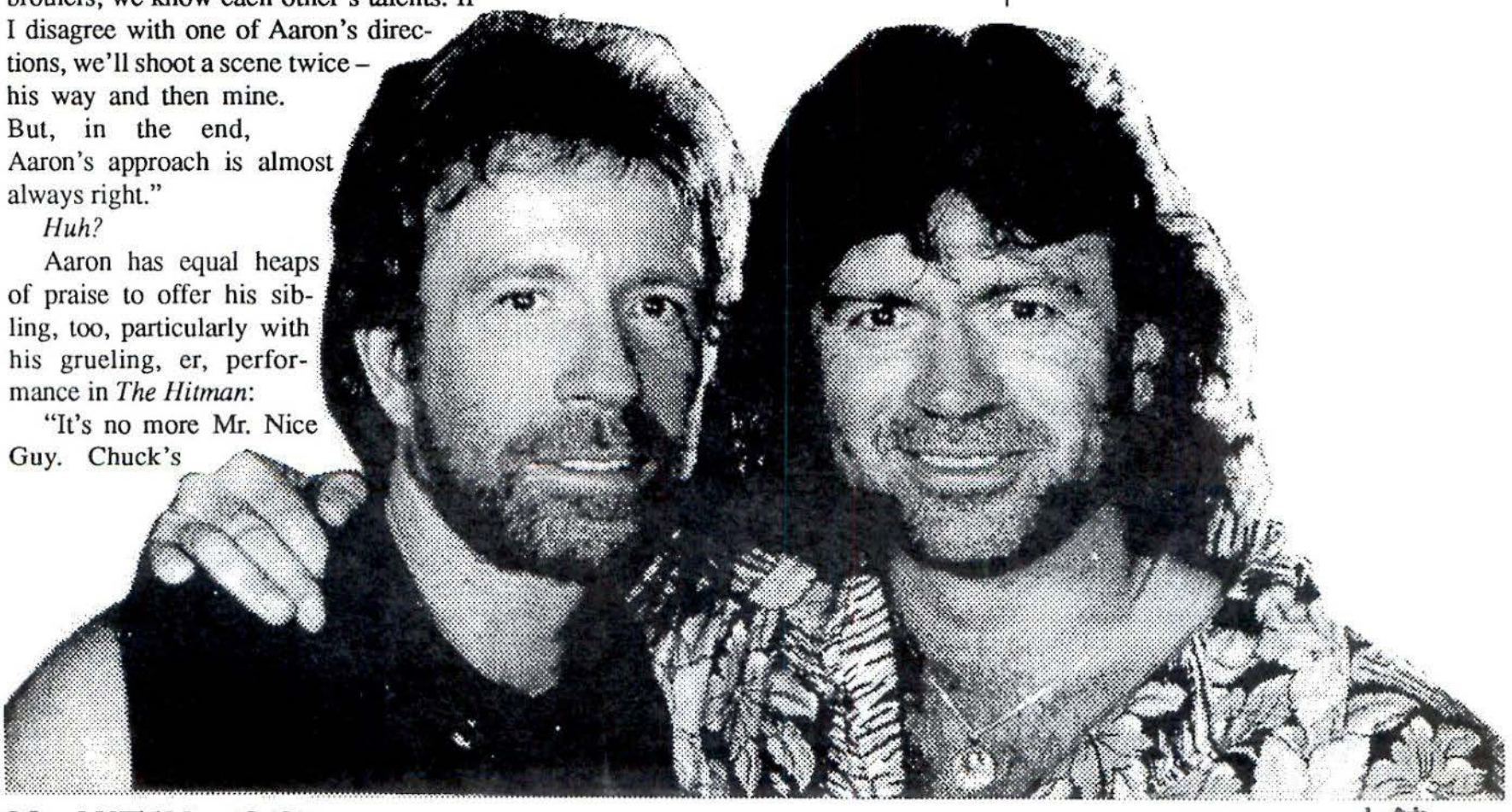
It is this very soft and loving side that never fails to bring a tear or two to this moviegoer's eye.

Who among us didn't weep at the box-office failure of their most recent pairing, *Top Dog*? Hanks had his *Hooch* and Belushi his *K-9*, but Norris and his mutt were true acting equals. **H**

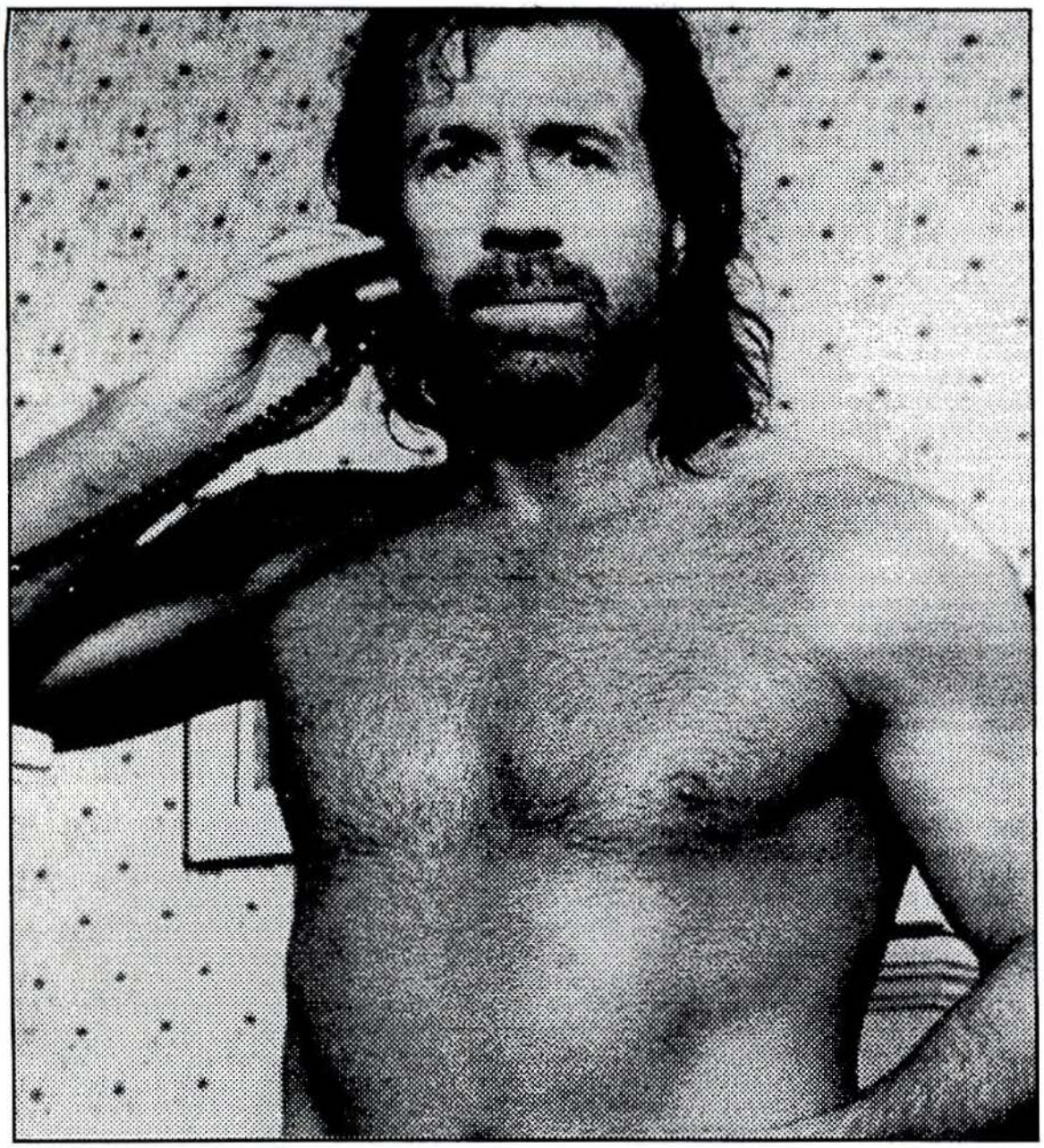


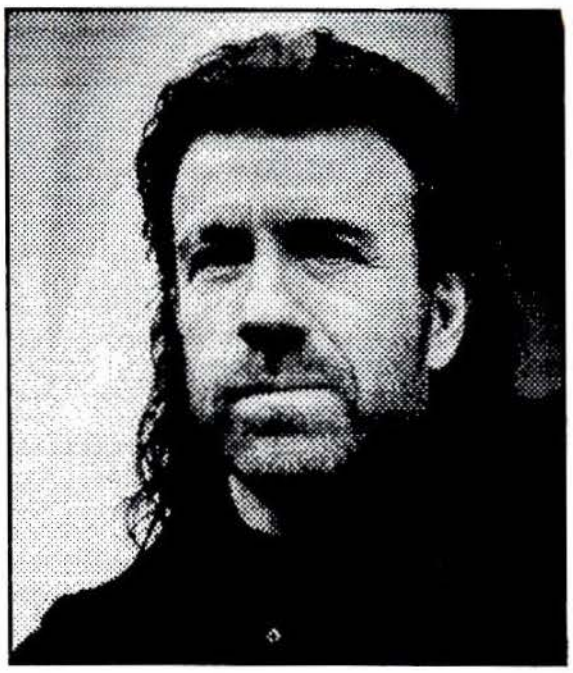
(above) It has been scientifically proven that a Mexican dinner has a direct effect on Chuck's ability to emote effectively.

(below)
Not just brothers...*artists*.



水餃
Boiled dumplings





(above)
Just *try* to stare at this picture for 30 seconds without drooling.

(left)
Hi, Chuck, it's me. I just called to say you're hairy.

(below)
A young boy teaches Chuck about soul.

Danger: Diabolik
(1968)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★☆

Based upon a French comic strip and directed by Italian genre-fave Mario Bava, *Danger: Diabolik* tracks the exploits of a supercriminal known only as Diabolik (played by *Barberella*'s John Phillip Law). This is one suave dude, with a cave cooler than Batman's, a car cooler than James Bond's and a costume cooler than any displayed by Barnum and Bailey.

The film opens with Diabolik pulling off a heist of $10 million, which he and his ultra-short-shorted gal pal (Marisa Mell) make love in. For her birthday, she desires a necklace of the 11 purest emeralds in the world, so he steals it from a castle in one of the film's niftiest action sequences. For a grand finale, there's a matter of a 20-ton gold brick at stake.

While not as fluid as it should be in some points, *Diabolik* is a campy but well-directed action caper, one in which there are no good guys. Its psychedelic, foreign feel actually comes off as an attribute, though it would kill other pictures. With the exception of bankrolling *Blue Velvet*, this is the best project Dino DeLaurentiis ever threw his weight behind.

Videos reviewed in **HITCH** receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

Ants!
(1977)
LIVE Home Video
★★★★☆

Tarantulas: The Deadly Cargo
(1977)
LIVE Home Video
★★★★☆

A summer resort manor abruptly becomes a vision of hell, and for greater reasons than the fact that both Robert Foxworth and Myrna Loy are on the premises. Now vicious killers after adapting themselves to become insecticide-immune, a colony of black ants from a construction site crawl through a severed pipe to enter the hotel through the kitchen sink, and promptly take no prisoners as they exert their influence floor by floor.

Foxworth is the foreman who becomes the leader of the crew trapped in the hotel. The sight of them sitting silent and motionless in the middle of the floor as they breath through rolled-up sheets of wallpaper and ants crawl over their bodies is a classic. A little boy, rummaging through a dumpster for empty pop bottles so he can support his newly divorced mom, gets engulfed in the little boogers, so he jumps into the pool, even though he can't swim. The kitchen cook gets his after they bite his sandaled foot, which is why you should always adhere to your employer's dress code.

A tie exists, however, for Best Scene: 1) Although basically a sympathetic character, a nekkid Suzanne Somers meets her death by ants, but deserves it for sleeping with...2) her sexist, egotistical, annoying boss, who goes 100 percent loco and dives off the hotel balcony for the pool, but misses – a move that earns a 9.2 from our judges.

Despite Brian Dennehy as the round-as-ever fire chief and the overly enthusiastic emphaticness of the title, *Ants!* isn't worth shouting about, but worth the watch. It was produced by TV cheesemeister Alan (*That's Incredible*) Landsburg, whose deep pockets also funded the same year's *Tarantulas: The Deadly Cargo*. The two telefilms share some similarities: an aging, all-star cast of has-beens; the problems are initially blamed on snakes; and the local docs are baffled as how to treat the victims. At least in *Tarantulas*, the boy who gets bit dies.

It all begins when Tom Atkins and an inbred-acting Howard Hesseman fly a plane loaded with coffee beans, Ecuadorian stowaways and fearsome hairy spiders across the border and crash-land in a small farming town, whose economic sustenance is tentpoled by Bert Remsen's orange grove.

"It'll make a *superb* marmalade!" exclaims Bert of this year's crop, in the film's best line, prior to the tarantulas' takeover of his plant, the employees of

which are all named either Pedro or Smitty. With the scientific know-how of fire chief Claude Akins, though, a solution is found: The townspeople plot to paralyze the spiders long enough to dump them in buckets of alcohol by using the sound of angry wasps. So they do, even though it looked to me like they were shaking a box of bees.

There's no contest in the race for Best Scene in this one: Hands down, it's when a red-headed retarded girl is playing with a tarantula on a tennis racket and won't obey her teacher's pleas to put it down. Eventually, she does, darn it, thereby docking the film one whole star. Though not as good as *Kingdom of the Spiders* or as cornball as *The Giant Spider Invasion* (both reviewed in **HITCH** 5), *Tarantulas: The Deadly Cargo* is a spider movie, and *any* spider movie is well worth the time invested.

The Deadly and the Beautiful
(1973)
Media Home Entertainment
★★★★☆

Former *Sidehacker* Ross Hagen, looking every bit like Robert Wagner after a lost weekend, squares off in the Philippines against mad scientist Nancy Kwan, whose team of scantily clad female agents have kidnapped the world's greatest athletes (by subduing them with syringes shot through rifles) so that their master can sell their bodies to dying millionaires in wheelchairs.

This film, produced by Hagen himself, is a mindbending mix of the chopsocky, blaxploitation, superspy and sexploitation genres all rolled into one, with equal elements of Russ Meyer, Andy Sidaris and Cubby Broccoli thrown into the soup. Hagen, with the aid of a rotund Chinese cab driver, tries to infiltrate Kwan's devilish plans, and falls for one of the women like a dumb male. After he succumbs to her charms, she tries to kill him, but he retaliates with a feathered pillow. After a quick exchange of kicks and punches, ending with Hagen being tossed through a door, a great chase sequence ensues, complete with one unlucky Filipino getting hit by the female's car.

Utterly sexist and racist (Hagen calls his Chinese butler "Houseboy Number 2"), *The Deadly and the Beautiful* contains slapdash editing, slow-motion cockfight footage and a cage of Kwan's experimental freak failures (such as an ape-woman) who run loose and lunges at the camera like every other cinematic zombie. The wild ending makes not a lick of sense, but I wouldn't do a damn thing to change it.

The Deadly Bees
(1967)
Paramount Home Video
★★☆☆☆

An Amicus production, this first bee movie is also quite possibly the worst. Following a TV performance by The Byrds, a female chanteuse starts her lipsynch for the cameras, but passes out from exhaustion. At the behest of her manager, she seeks refuge in a cottage in a sleepy village. There are bees there. They are deadly.

They've been genetically engineered to attack only those with certain scents, particularly that contained in a bucket in the barn. After a dog sticks his face in the bucket, the bees come to visit. In the very best scene, an old woman gets the bastards – who look to be the size of half-dollars – all over her face, with excellent close-ups showing bees screwing their stingers into human flesh. The singer also gets attacked as she's in the bathroom, an excuse just so the viewers can ogle her petite United Kingdom bosom jiggling in her bra as she swats at the swarm with a towel.

Unfortunately, everything bridging these scenes is boring chit-chat. Gratuituously British, this is one to watch strictly on fast-forward.

Impulse
(1974)
LIVE Home Video
★★★★★

As a result of being institutionalized for having killed his mother's drunk boyfriend as a child, every time some woman makes swindler William Shatner mad, he goes loco for a second and kills them. Then, realizing the error of his ways, he cries and chews on his pinky. As the film opens, his latest "girlfriend" catches him in the act of picking up a belly dancer, so she argues with him about how she pays for his shaving cream and then claws him, so he strangles her and sends her car into the lake.

Despite his polyester suits, he becomes romantically involved with a young widow whose daughter witnesses him kill a business associate of his – a fat Polynesian man named Karate Pete – by running over him in a car wash. The girl's mom, however, won't believe her daughter's story.

The best scene occurs when Shatner is giving the girl a ride to the cemetery and he mows down a dog. Panicking, he floors it. The girl pleads with him to go back, but he assures her, "No, it's okay. Dogs lick their wounds. They heal real fast."

Impulse is poorly made and edited, centered with the type of crazed ham performance that only Shatner can turn in. In other words, don't miss any chance you may have to witness this classic slice of sleaze.

The Offspring
(1986)
Avid Home Entertainment
★★★☆☆

As far as horror anthologies go, I've seen worse than *The Offspring*, a collec-

tion of four stories that tell the history of a spooky Tennessee town, as related by Vincent Price to reporter Susan Tyrell.

The first story has old fart Clu Gulager obsessed with a young looker he works with. After much pathetic pleading on his part, she reluctantly accepts his dinner date. Later in his car, he tells her he loves her and that he wrote a song about her. When she rebuffs his octogenarian kisses, he kills her and *then* sings to her: *"Your hair is so long / Your skin is so white."* Lucky for her. Then he breaks into the funeral home for a heated round of necro-philia and, nine months later, some little bundle of joy comes knockin' on his door.

Next up has Terry Kiser pestering a 200-year-old swamp-dwelling voodoo man to give him some eternal age serum. In a nice twist ending, the greedy Kiser gets his wish, albeit in a way that probably prepped him for his later work in the *Weekend at Bernie's* films.

A freakshow is the centerpiece of the third segment, in which a man who eats glass for a living falls in love with a local girl, but the woman who runs the carnival forbids the two to be together. When the young virgin doesn't understand why they can't be together, her would-be boyfriend exclaims, in the best line, "Don't you see? *I'm a glass-eater!*"

The weakest segment ends the film, with a group of Civil War soldiers held captive in the home of some crafty evil kids, in a slight merging of *Children of the Corn* with Hal Roach's *Our Gang* comedies.

Directed by Jeff Burr, who's helmed sequels for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Puppet Master* and *The Stepfather*, the film is on a fairly competent level, especially for its low budget. The gore gets in the way sometimes, but overall, it's a breezy 99 minutes.

It's always good to see Price, too, even when it's in a film whose title has no significance to its story.

The Evil of Frankenstein
(1964)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★☆

Frankenstein: The True Story
(1982)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★☆☆☆

As Baron Frankenstein, Peter Cushing stars in Hammer's *The Evil of Frankenstein*, the studio's third series entry. After his monster has been killed and his laboratory looted, the good doctor happens upon his creation frozen in the cave of a deaf girl. After thawing it out and giving it yet another jolt of life, the monster is put under hypnotic suggestion by a greedy carnival act and goes to the village to kill townspeople and steal gold.

Cushing is excellent, the lab sets are great and the story moves at a faster pace than most of the other Hammer films. Even though the monster looks like his makeup was made with pâper maché, this is an honorable Frankenstein film.

Of somewhat less stature, no doubt due to its lumbering three-hour running time, is the made-for-TV *Frankenstein: The True Story*, which, despite the title, is no documentary. After his brother drowns, the good doctor resurrects the corpse, which comes to life looking just like Michael Sarrazin.

Thus, the monster doesn't look much like a monster until the days go by and Sarrazin's face starts sprouting something akin to bread mold.

Although, given its British-heavy cast, it tends to become almost as stuffy as Kenneth Branagh's recent ill-conceived take, one scene stands out as a sheer classic: Sarrazin interrupts a dance to confront Jane Seymour, then grips her neck and tugs until he rips her head off, and throws the medicine woman's disembodied noggin at the feet of James Mason, who stumbles to the floor weeping and embraces it, as if it were the head of Lolita.

The monster salutes Hitler, in Hammer's The Evil of Frankenstein.

Shrunken Heads
(1994)
Paramount Home Video
★★★★★
Oblivion
(1994)
Paramount Home Video
★★☆☆☆

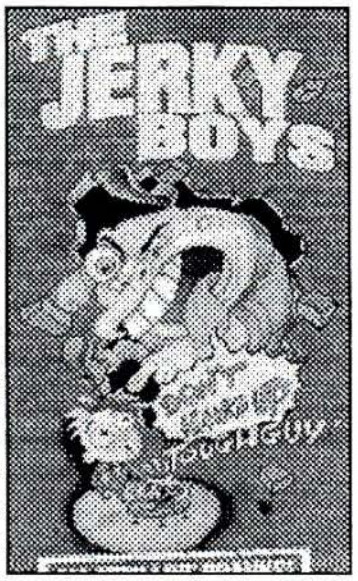
Almost uncategorizable, the Full Moon release *Shrunken Heads* is so well-written, well-directed and well-acted that you'll wonder why it carries the Full Moon label. Director Richard (brother of Danny) Elfman spins a tale of three neighborhood school-boys who are repeatedly denied the pleasure of reading superhero comics by a local gang of bullies. Though the mysterious, bald Jamaican newsstand owner tries to teach them that the hoodlums will one day get their due, they don't realize how their own days are numbered.

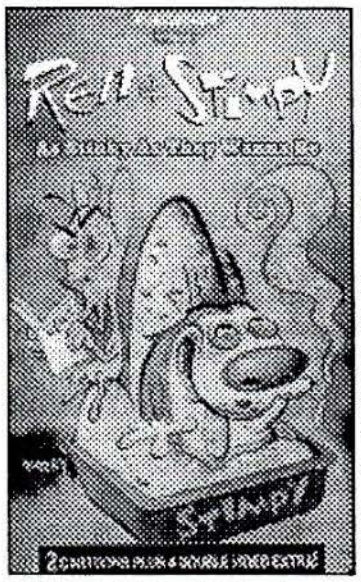
These opening scenes are laced with the same sort of whimsy and charm that infused *Gremlins* and *Back to the Future*. When the boys are killed by the gang, as ordered by their butch boss Big Mo (Meg Foster), the film takes on a darker tone, but just barely. The newsstand owner steals their heads from their coffins and uses his native powers to shrink their noggins into flying heroes, which then take revenge on their killers.

Funnier than you'd

expect and overall better than it should be, *Shrunken Heads* is quite a promising venture from Elfman, as well as step in the right direction from Full Moon. On the other hand, *Oblivion* is typical Full Moon product: a great premise ruined by the weakest of scripts.

A sci-fi/wild West hybrid, *Oblivion* concerns itself with a cowboy out to avenge the murder of his sheriff father by a reptilian bad guy. Along the way, he befriends a half-breed robot and kills giant scorpions. While the supporting cast is promising (including Julie Newmar, Carel Struycken and Issac Hayes), the film itself is about as sturdy as sagebrush.

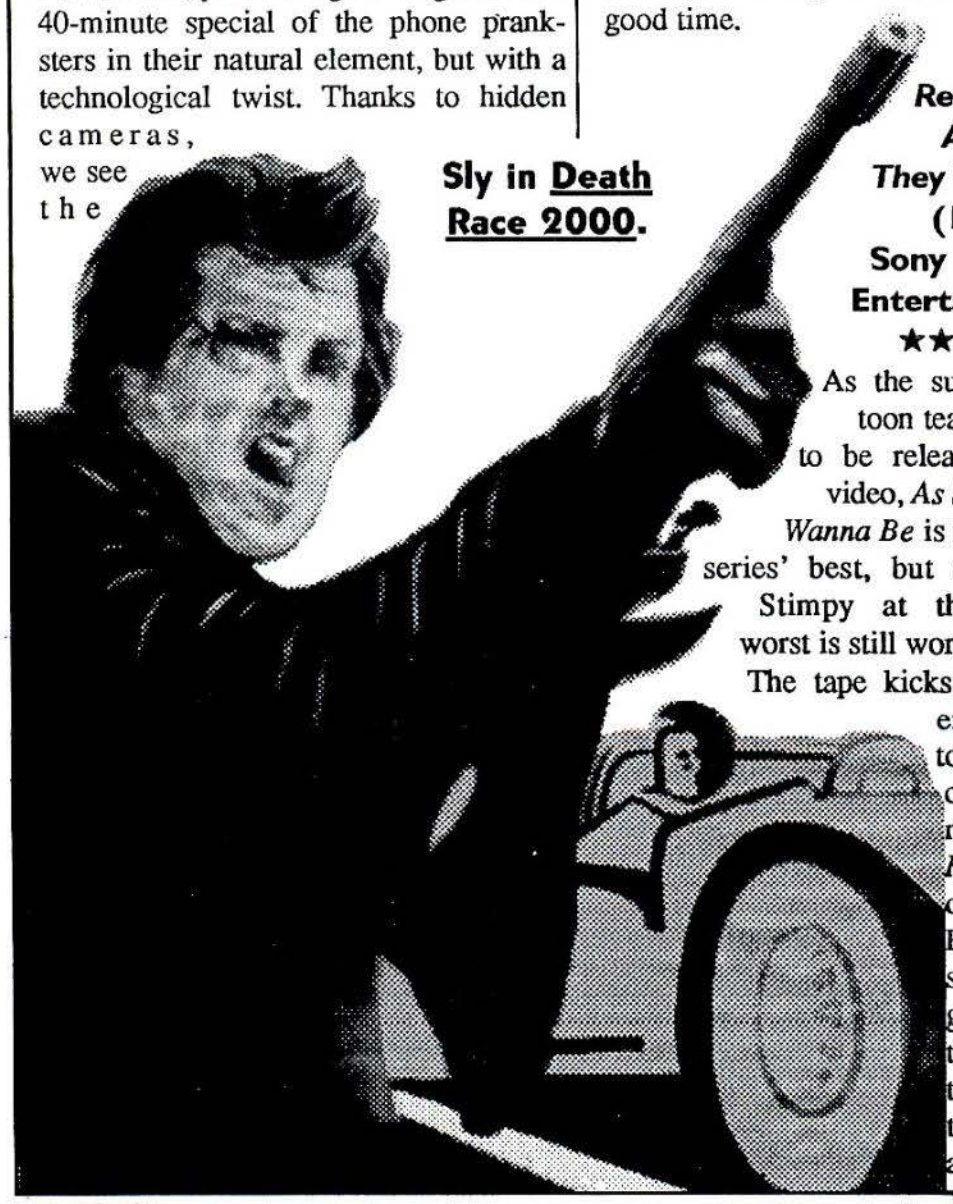




The Jerky Boys: Don't Hang Up Toughguy!
(1995)
Sony Music Entertainment
★★★★☆

Though I'm told *The Jerky Boys: The Movie* bites, you can't go wrong with this 40-minute special of the phone pranksters in their natural element, but with a technological twist. Thanks to hidden cameras, we see the poor victims of their cantankerous calls, mostly some stupid MTV interns. Using all their now-familiar characters, the Jerky Boys also take over a Manhattan tour bus full of senior citizens and a grocery story PA system, which they use to accuse innocent customers of shoplifting meats.

Though I find it *very* hard to believe that not *one* of the twentysomething MTV employees caught on to the calls, this tape – though short in length – is a good time.



Sly in Death Race 2000.

Ren & Stimpy: As Stinky As They Wanna Be
(1995)
Sony Music Entertainment
★★★☆☆

As the subversive cartoon team's 10th tape to be released to home video, *As Stinky as They Wanna Be* is not one of the series' best, but even Ren & Stimpy at their absolute worst is still worth viewing.

The tape kicks off with the extended cartoon "The Lair of the Lummox," a *Wild Kingdom* takeoff in which Ren & Stimpy search for fat guys in tank tops, a species treasured for their crusted armpit foam. This tale spends far too much time setting itself up for its outlandish finale, in which two lummoxen battle it out with a belching contest. While admittedly playing toward fourth-graders, it's funny.

In "Farm Hands," the duo become slaves to two country bumpkins and are forced to clean outhouses. One of the post-shakeup cartoons, it has its weaknesses, but I liked when Stimpy milked the gorilla and when a crow swooped down to tug on one of the hick's eyes, much to his amusement.

As extras, two commercial parodies – "Dogwater" and "Chicken-in-a-Drawer" are served up. Neither are overly special.

Death Race 2000
(1975)
Vintage Video
★★★★★

Certainly you've seen this before. Produced by Roger Corman, *Death Race 2000* depicts the sport of the future as five teams pit against one another on a transcontinental car race, where the object is not just to pass the finish line first, but to mow down as many pedestrians as possible along the way.

David Carradine stars as the perennial race champion, Frankenstein, a man whose share of crashes in the past has left him with several artificial limbs and appendages.

The ever-luscious Simone Griffith is his navigator, who's actually an operative for a rebel movement seeking to abolish the proceedings, by way of exploding babies and other drastic measures.

Frankenstein's main adversary is Sylvester Stallone as Machine Gun Joe Viterbo, who acts just as retarded as ever, and spits a wad of snot in the film's opening minutes.

Directed by Paul Bartel, this is clever government and political satire masquerading as sick, dumb comedy. Based on a 10-page short story by Ib Melchior and followed by a sequel (*Deathsport*), it's grown into a cult classic over the years, and rightfully so.

Bartel has yet to make something that is even as close to being as good as this (not even *Eating Raoul* comes near it), and Corman even pays tribute to it in his kiddie films now (see **HITCH** 7).

雲吞麵
Wonton noodles

the AROMA of TROMA

Chopper Chicks in Zombietown
(1990)
Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video
★★★☆☆

In this Troma pickup – and I suspect a retitling here – a butchy gang of female bikers known as the Cycle Sluts make a stop in a dusty, sleepy old town for some "meat," and not the kind you slap between two pieces of bread for lunch, either. In seeking out suitable specimen for a one-hour stand, one Slut is turned into a zombie by the town mortician. In fact, he's got a whole freezer full of the slow-walking, flesh-eating members of the undead, and they all manage to escape.

Surrounded, the Sluts wage war against the zombies, with the help of a midget, a busload of blind orphans, lots of explosives and a chainsaw which one Slut casually brings up into the crotch of one zombie.

Even with the tired wall-to-wall lesbian lines, this movie isn't as stupid as you might think. A good handful of the jokes are born from intellect. While the cast is a no-namer – MTV VJ Martha Quinn is its biggest star – the production values are higher than most films of this ilk, and the soundtrack – featuring credible and critically revered artists like the dB's – is impressive.

A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell
(1990)
N/A
★★☆☆☆

If you're a big fan of the sharp and puzzling dialogue of Harold Pinter, steer clear of this inane piece, because what little verbiage there is to speak of is mostly an assemblage of Stone Age grunts and groans.

Called *Dark Fortress* prior to its Tromatization, Brett Piper's prehistoric novelty has the post-apocalyptic permed damsel in no-dress roaming around a forest and encountering various fat men and primeval creatures. The stop-motion animation of the latter is the most impressive part of this movie. The attack by sea-monster being the highlight, characters are also pursued by reptilian goons and eaten by tarantula-lobster hybrids in a blood-filled moat.

The creature effects are so well-done that they belong in a film with a better script.

Frostbiter: Wrath of the Wendigo
(1991)
N/A
★★★★☆

Though obviously influenced by (or just plain ripping off) Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead 2*, this incredibly cheap item traps a group of hunters in a remote cabin during a snowstorm and then places their fates in the hands of the Wendigo, an evil force that takes many shapes and forms throughout their stay, whether it be as a stop-motion tree man, a buxom centerfold or, best of all, a chili monster who comes with his own theme song.

Frankly, though this kind of thing is a mixed-bag, I found myself laughing with it as much as I was laughing at it. Made on what had to be about six or seven bucks, it sucks you in fast. The effects are pretty good, providing more than a few gross-out gags that have become a Troma staple. The constant barrage of party-metal music, however, usually drowns out the dialogue, and you're thankful when it subsides. I'm routing for a sequel.

Blood Hook
(1987)
Troma Video Universe
★★☆☆☆

Another slasher-in-the-woods entry, *Blood Hook* at least puts a twist on things, in that the killer is not a machete-wielding freak, but a crazed fisherman with a metal plate in his head.

It sounds better than it actually is. One by one, he casts his line at unsuspecting teens and reels 'em in screaming. Just as you would with your prized crappie, he strings them altogether on a rope for show. Although getting a hook in your flesh is no fun (speaking from personal experience), the film does little, if anything, in the scare department. Laughs are provided by a fat kid and his loon-loving mom. I think this was intended to be a parody of the genre, but forgot to make it that way.

Blood Hook is noted for being the directorial debut of James Mallon, who is now known and beloved as one of the masterminds behind *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. He must get ridiculed every day at work for actually having contributed to the kind of junk that serves as fodder for the show. If there is a God, they'll do this one someday.

The Toxic Avenger Part III: The Last Temptation of Toxie
(1989)
Vestron Video
★★★☆☆

Easily the best-titled of the trilogy, the world's first superhero from New Jersey briefly turns to evil in the so-far-final installment of the former janitor's adventures.

As the film opens, Toxie infiltrates a robbery-in-progress at an Amish video store. In typical Troma fashion, he does bodily harm to them all – and it's all played for amusement.

(My favorite part of this segment involves a guy getting his hand put in a video-cassette rewinder.)

In order to pay for his girlfriend's eye operation, he joins the forces of evil, and eventually fights a green-dragon overlord who looks a lot like Ivan Ooze.

An improvement over the previous *Part II*, do not under any circumstances expect it to be the last.

The House Where Evil Dwells
(1982)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★☆☆

In Japan on business, an American family moves into a house in which a samurai killed his wife and her lover decades ago after having caught them playing Pachinko, then killed himself. Now their three ghosts haunt the house; thus, evil dwells.

Soon the ghosts are knocking over dishes and possessing the father so he'll go crazy and force his daughter to eat her soup, as well as taking over the mother's body so she'll get the hots for Doug McClure, her husband's boss.

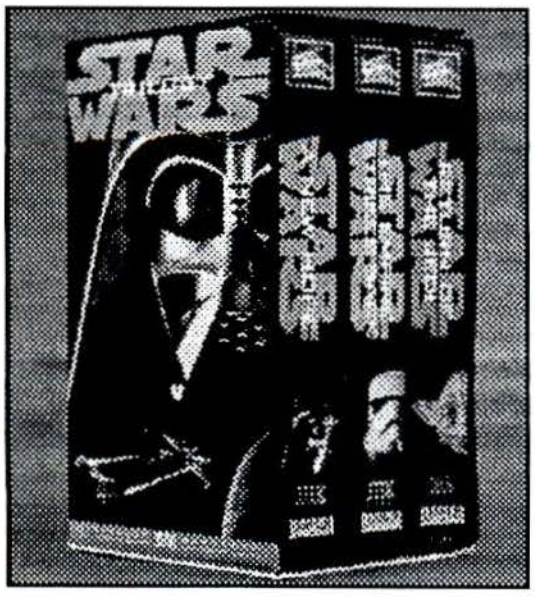
The best scene has the daughter and her babysitter being chased through the paper-walled home by spiders as big as footballs. Trailing in at second is when the little girl finds a laughing kabuki head in her dinner.

This is perhaps one of the '80's silliest horror films, and one without any horror, unless you are scared by Edward Albert's mustache. If you can't guess how this thing ends after watching just the first five minutes, you probably don't have the skills to read this review, either.

The Star Wars Trilogy
(1995)
Fox Video
★★★★★

This newly released boxed set of the landmark three *Star Wars* films are remastered in THX sound, contain interview footage with George Lucas and are to be the last time ever these movies will be available.

Get them.



The Atomic Cafe
(1982)
Thorn-EMI Home Video
★★★★☆

Disasters of the 20th Century
(1985)
Similtar Entertainment
★★★☆☆

Occasionally I find myself experiencing the same morbid fascination that surely compels those wretched souls who flock to accident scenes, standing around and staring at the wreckage. After viewing the pair of videos in question, I feel certain the more twisted facet of my curiosity will be satisfied for some time to come.

The Atomic Cafe is a positively creepy pseudo-documentary that gives us the complete low-down on the atomic craze of the '40s and '50s. Comprised of actual newsreel footage and military and governmental films dealing with all things atomic, it is by turns wickedly comical and chillingly sinister – a delicate balancing act that succeeds remarkably well.

The prevailing anti-Commie paranoia of the day is displayed here at its most frenzied, making some of the segments simultaneously possess *both* the aforementioned comical and sinister qualities. It also features a great soundtrack of folky numbers like "When the Atom Bomb Fell," "This Cold War with You" and "Jesus Hits Like an Atom Bomb."

Remarkably, disasters of the atomic/nuclear variety are nowhere to be found on the nifty *Disasters of the 20th Century* compilation. However, if it's the Hindenburgh, collapsing bridges or exploding jet-propelled boats you're looking for, you're in luck. The most interesting segment involves an assortment of stockcar racing calamities, including 12 or 15 car pile-ups, a collapsing grandstand and, most amazing of all, a Mercedes that somehow gets airborne and goes flying into the stands, where it explodes and kills *82* spectators. Wow.

The video then cuts suddenly from its playful treatment of mishaps of the more mechanical variety to the somber subject of political assassinations. Although they get points for *not* showing the Zapruder film, it's still a depressing end to an otherwise lighthearted look at some of the biggest blunders of 20th century man. Pick it up for a couple of bucks at your local Venture. —*CH*

Werewolves on Wheels
(1971)
Unicorn Video
★☆☆☆☆

Ah, the Age of Aquarius. Woodstock, peace rallies, free love. Funny, I don't seem to recall anything about lycanthropic biker gangs...

What starts out as the typical cross-country chopper trek in search of the meaning of life – primarily by way of raping, pillaging and taking enough drugs to kill a horse – takes a decidedly downward turn as our band of cheesy riders encounters a mysterious group of desert-dwelling monks.

Well, to make a long story short (or at least somewhat coherent), the monks are of the Satanic persuasion and put the bikers under a sort of werewolf curse. Just how beats me, as all I seem to recall from that part of the film is a naked girl dancing around (badly) with snakes and skulls. But, I suppose that's all you really need to know as things from that point degenerate into a hopeless spectacle so technically inept and embarrassing in content, it borders on the surreal. (A scene involving the bulldogish owner of a desert gas station is so hysterically bad, it simply must be seen to be believed!)

Oh, if only this could have delivered on the fun implied in its incredible title and not left me instead a drooling mind-numbed vegetable! This tangled mess of occultism, debauchery and bad rock music may have been somebody's vision of inspired filmmaking, but it's my idea of a real bad trip, man. —*CH*

The Manster
(1959)
Sinister Cinema
★★★★☆

As a 10-year-old staying up way past

his bedtime, I once saw this on a local station's *Shock Theater*, and it scared the living daylights out of me. It was great to run across it again as an adult and find that, although my reactions were completely different, I still found myself thoroughly entertained by the silliness of this non-dubbed Japanese/American oddity.

The plot concerns a Dr. Suzuki, who gets bored with experimenting on his family and injects arrogant, booze-loving American reporter Larry Stanford with an experimental formula. To be able to monitor the effects of the drug, Dr. Suzuki pals around Tokyo with Stanford, watching him get drunk off his can and doing a little "nudge nudge, wink wink" with some poorly discerning Japanese women.

Stanford notices that his right hand has grown werewolf-like fur and nails, and he goes on a maniacal killing spree by night. But not even the killing can get rid of the pain in his right shoulder, and in an incredible scene, it's revealed he's got another eye growing there! Well, the eye grows a really silly-looking head and eventually Stanford splits entirely into two halves, human and animal, which duke it out in a grandiose final battle atop a volcano.

The film closes with a reporter comforting Stanford's wife with a philosophical speech about "the good in Larry, and the good in all men." With the long string of drunken abuse and adulterous cavorting she's put up with for the whole film, like, I'm *sooo* sure she'd want the arrogant S.O.B. back. —*CH*

Message from Space
(1978)
N/A
★★★☆☆

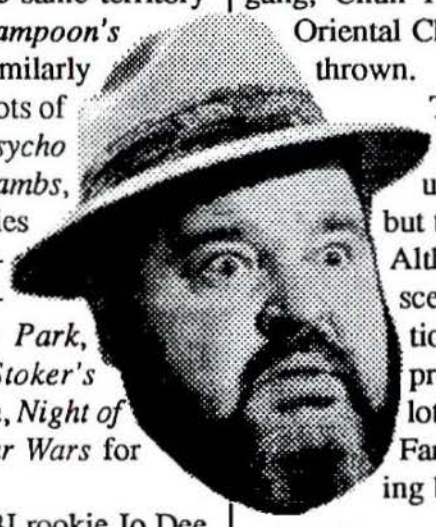
Inspired by *Star Wars*, if not an outright ripoff of, this whacked-out Japanese space epic has a princess named Meia (not Leia), hooded desert creatures like Jawas (but aren't) and a cute, trash-can-shaped robot that beeps just like R2-D2 (but isn't).

A once-peaceful planet has been taken over by an evil cloaked emperor wearing not a black helmet, but kabuki makeup. One of the planet's elder statesmen, in an attempt to restore order, throws a bunch of glowing walnuts in the air. The idea is that the people who pick them up are not going to help save his people, and not enjoy a nutty treat. Among those who come into possession of the intergalactic seeds include an Oriental version of *WKRP*'s Herb Tarlek, ex-*Street Fighter* Sonny Chiba and token American star Vic Morrow, here sporting a head.

For the next 90 minutes, spaceships are flown, rayguns are shot, meteors are dodged and horrid disco music played. The special effects are pretty weak, even by Japanese standards, except for the good guy's ship, which seems a bit anachronistic looking like it leapt off the screen of *1492*.

The Silence of the Hams
(1993)
Cabin Fever Entertainment
★★★★☆

Covering much of the same territory as 1993's *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1*, this similarly spotty spoof melds the plots of two shocker classics, *Psycho* and *The Silence of the Lambs*, while throwing in parodies of *Basic Instinct*, *Indecent Proposal*, *The Addams Family*, *Jurassic Park*, *Terminator 2*, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *Misery*, *Batman*, *Night of the Living Dead* and *Star Wars* for good measure.



Billy Zane stars as FBI rookie Jo Dee Foster, on the track of a serial killer. Aiding him from prison with his criminal expertise is the deranged Dr. Hannibal Cannibal Pizza (Dom DeLuise). The killer (writer-director Ezio Greggio) happens to run an out-of-the-way motel and dress up like his mother.

Co-starring are a heavily made-up Charlene Tilton, an embarrassing Larry Storch and a pathetic Shelley Winters, as well as bit parts by Phyllis Diller, Bubba Smith, Joanna Pacula, Rip Taylor, John Astin and Martin Balsam playing Det. Martin Balsam. In John Landis fashion, many directors turn in cameos, including Landis himself.

Surprisingly, the film actually made me laugh many times. While a lot of the jokes are predictable and labored, Greggio comes up with some well-thought-out material to make up for it, most of it delivered by the deadpan Zane, who turns out to be pretty good at this sort of thing. Greggio is almost as likable.

For some reason, though there have been many contenders, no one has been able to perfect this style of comedy as the Zucker-Abrahams-Zucker team have. While *Hams* fails to come close to that level, it succeeds nonetheless.

The Terror of the Tongs
(1961)
Columbia/Tri-Star Home Video
★★☆☆☆

As a result of his accidental stepping into the way of an underground Hong Kong gang, an American ship captain soon finds his daughter killed by the gang members, who have a penchant for hatchets.

Thus, Cap'n scours the streets and opium dens to get to the leader of the gang, Chun King, played by the non-Oriental Christopher Lee. Knives are thrown.

The "Tongs" of the title refers not to torture by salad utensils as I thought, sadly, but the name of the evil group. Although the torture and fight scenes demand your attention, most of this Hammer production is reserved for lots and lots of boring talk in Far Eastern accents of varying believability.

Doc Savage: The Man of Bronze
(1975)
Warner Home Video
★★★★★

Adapted from the pulp novels, this George Pal production is one of the more campier films of the '70s. How campy? This campy:

• As the title character – a learned sleuth and superhero without a costume – Ron Ely's eyes literally sparkle thanks to the effects team.

• His team of five sidekicks includes a fat chemist named Monk who carries a piglet named Habeus Corpus in his pocket.

• The soundtrack is the work of the long-dead John Phillip Sousa, whose patriotic anthems serve as backdrops for a singing narrative. Incidentally, Sousa's last three letters of his name are printed in red, white and blue in the credits.

• One minor villain, a Mexican, con-

抄手
Sichuan Wonton

tinually sings "La Cucaracha."

• When Doc fights the main bad guy in the film's climax using a variety of fight techniques, subtitles appear to alert the viewer to which style is being employed (i.e. "sumo," "karate," "fisticuffs"), much like the principle behind flash cards.

The examples are endless. In this harmless matinee adventure, Savage travels to a foreign land to investigate the murder of his professor father. He drives cool classic cars and has neat gadgets. He practices acupuncture on people's brains and meditates outside his Antarctic fortress of solitude. He is a man whose bravery knows no boundaries and shirt knows no buttons.

Ely makes a better Savage than he did Tarzan. He plays his egotistical hero so straight that I don't ever remember him smiling. His sidekicks – including *The Breakfast Club*'s Paul Gleason – don't serve much purpose except to cower in fear at snake-like apparitions.

This lost flick is a lot of fun. I'm convinced that if it had been made today, it'd be a hit. Unfortunately, it wasn't, and the sequel *Doc Savage: The Arch-Enemy of Evil*, as promised at film's end, never came to pass.

Mortal Kombat: The Animated Video – The Journey Begins
(1995)
New Line Home Video
★★★★☆

Partly a groundbreaking piece of animation and partly a shrewd marketing tool, *Mortal Kombat: The Animated Video* has hit stores fast on the heels of New Line's theatrical epic, both based on what

is supposedly the most successful video game of all-time. (Oh, how I long for the days of Pac-Man.)

As it begins, three heroes are on their way to a mysterious island to participate in the legendary Mortal Kombat fight-to-the-finish tournament. Their opponents include a four-armed giant and a ninja who throws balls of ice.

This set-up is actually pretty intriguing, thanks to the fight sequences which have been breathtakingly constructed through computer animation. While the technology apparently still has a few bugs to overcome (making characters' arms look realistic, for one), it is exciting to see just what it can do. The landscapes and sets are particularly spectacular.

The remainder of the video uses the same hurried techniques we've been seeing on syndicated cartoons for years. At some points, the two styles are combined in the same shot, and it's impressive.

However, once the tournament is set to begin, the story ends, and the announcer tells everyone to rush to his or her local theater to see the live-action movie in order to find out how things wrap up.

Thus, the video box is deceptive, because the running time is listed as one hour, yet the cartoon is but half that. What they don't tell you is that the 60 minutes also includes a short making-of documentary on the full-length movie and many commercials that precede the tape, further begging for a sizable piece of your disposable income.

Codes for the *Mortal Kombat 3* game are "hidden" on the tape. Having never played the game, I have no idea what good they're for. I advise everyone, though, to take advantage of the free watch offer. Just clip the proof-of-purchase and send it in. Six to eight weeks later, you'll be amazing your friends. *Wicked!*

Video Bingo
(1988)
Best Film & Video
★★★★★

The box promises "unlimited hours of fun," and for once, as people who shun the rules of grammar might say, the box don't lie!

The premise is decidedly difficult, but thankfully, an announcer clears up any misunderstandings at the beginning of the tape: a combination of a number and a letter is called, and if you have such a square on your bingo card, you place a marker over that square. Repeat until someone wins. What's not fun about *that*?

To make things simpler, the two-hour video comes with the cards and markers. This is a smart move, as without them, the video would be not much fun.

I like the soothing calmness of the voice of the unseen gent who calls out the bingo numbers on the tape. It is as if he is saying to me either "You're going to win; I know it" or "Chin up, young man, as it's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

In case you don't know how to play, the handy photocopied dot-matrix instruction page included in the box will help. One rule reads, "Carefully separate bingo cards." I guess it is here to avoid wrongful deaths that normally occur during the card distribution portion of the game.

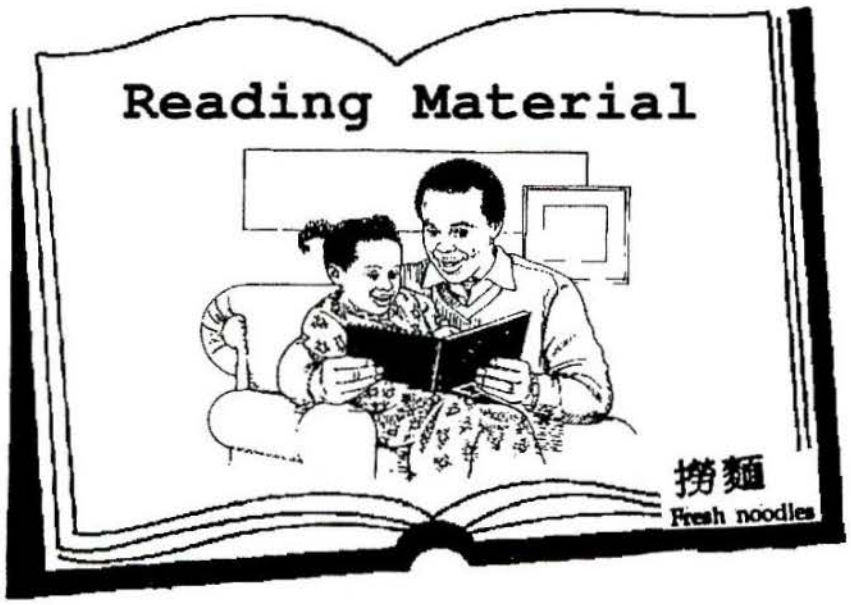
The family on the box is having so much fun that they are cheering. Cheering is but one action I think you will experience when you get your set and begin to play. The best thing about *Video Bingo* is that you can be a part of this most exciting game without ever having to leave your home and smell all the old people.

Plus, since you are in your own home, you can play Strip Bingo in utmost comfort, as well as just play by yourself and not have to fear being ridiculed by passersby.

Video Bingo is a winner, just like B-14 was for me! Order yours today before the rest of the world catches on! Call (800) 262-6868 and tell the operator that you need this in your daily life.

O-64! N-37! I-24! G-52! Are you catching the fever yet? B-13! N-45!

All reviews in the Videos *section are written by Rod M. Lott, except those denoted with a "CH," which are written by Chris Henry. Even though the* Video Bingo *review does not carry a CH, Chris would like to emphasize that he didn't write it.*



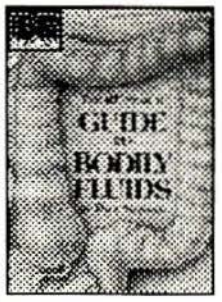
ZINES I GOT

Crumb director Terry Zwigoff is interviewed in the 16th issue of ***Schlock***, which also includes a look at new Asian films. Yours truly gets the Q&A in issue #17, but this zine is always a good read, a mailbox brightener and only a buck from John Chilson, 3841 4th Ave., #192, San Diego, CA 92103. ✍ The sophomore issue of ***A Day Late and a Dollar Short*** is more enjoyable than the first one, with a proposal to cure society's ills by cutting off *everyone's* legs, more historical gossip (William Penn's been seen hangin' with Amish chicks), a PC fairy tale and O.J. jokes. *DLDS* is usually a buck, but this issue's on sale for 99 cents from 677 Kennedy Blvd., #3L, Bayonne, NJ 07002. ✍ ***In My Shoes*** is a new collection of stories and personal anecdotes, including a mom coping with her daughter's burgeoning sexuality and a woman who keeps losing her sunglasses. If you're literary-minded, you should enjoy this. Send $3 to Clark Communications, 410 E. Park St., Archer, FL 32618-4761. ✍ The U.S. Postal Service is the target of the latest hilarious edition of ***Echolalia***. Don't miss the new "Organisms That Cause Diarrhea" stamp series. This is good, non-wholesome American propaganda done right. Subscribe for $15, get a complete set of back issues for $5 or send a buck for a sample to John Scariano, 2300-B Central Ave. SE, Suite 117, Albuquerque, NM 87106-3506. ✍ Finally, a great idea: ***Monozine*** collects people's personal experiences on being sick as a dog. One guy drains his body of fluids at a wrestling camp and blames it reading Marmaduke as a child, a woman copes with her inactive colon, one individual goes bonkers after a thyroid operation and assaults the hospital staff. From vomiting to the point of near-death to the sheer pain of oral surgery, I can relate to it all. This is funny and it's free, so you have no excuse not to read it, so write to 11941 Reisterstown Rd., Box 209, Reisterstown, MD 21136, and send 'em your true-life tales while you're at it. ✍ Even with its rough look, ***Cashiers du Cinemart*** is one of the best new zines around. A good chunk of #3 is devoted to the Tarantino debate, but there's also a funny review of *Bad Boys* and the *Blockbuster Video Guide*, as well as nifty comics. Just a mere buck for something this good? You betcha, from P.O. Box 2401, Riverview, MI 48192-7417. ✍ Want to know how to be an overeducated and underpaid college graduate? Thought so. Read ***McJob***, hands down the funniest and most original zine I've seen all year long. In it, Julee details her days in hell as a hotel maid (complete with crabs in the toilet), a school cafeteria food server, a newspaper deliveryperson, a temp at a flower shop and a T-shirt seller. Plus, cringe in agony as she gets stuck at a Grateful Dead concert in Phoenix against her will and discusses donating ovum for money. A total delight, this debut comes with a full-color sticker of three very proud sausage workers. *Get this zine.* It's just $2 from Dyslexic, Box 4763, Boulder, CO 80306, and ask for the catalog, too, so you can order a package of Autopsy Trading Cards. ✍ A sample collection of Clay Butler's ***Sidewalk Bubblegum*** – a wonderfully drawn and written satiric comic strip – can be yours for $1 and two stamps. My wife said this is the only zine someone's sent in that she's enjoyed, so if that's not a wholehearted recommendation...she said it *twice*, too. P.O. Box 245, Capitola, CA 95010. ✍ Fans of the band Daisy Glaze will want ***Daisy Glaze Nation*** to warm their mailbox. I, however, have never heard of them. The utterly pretentious attempt at serious angry-man poetry, though ("Good riddance / Fuck the world / Fuck the government"), was an unintentional riot. Cars passing by my house were probably wondering what this man on his porch was laughing so hard about. If they've set this crap to music, I wanna buy a cassette. Write to P.O. Box 811, Bloomington, IN 47402. ✍ ***Weird City***, living up to its name, is one of the strangest zines I've come across – a rambling 40 pages of typewritten pages and a staple. The sixth issue finds editor Dave Szurek post-urinary catheterization, so he talks about politics, socialism, Cheech Marin and all the *Mystery Science Theater 3000* episodes he saw in the hospital. It's $2.50 for a glimpse into this guy's life, from 1206 Wheeler, #2, Hoquiam, WA 98550-1901. ✍ Issue four of ***POPsmear*** boasts an utterly disgusting topless shot of Tonya Harding, more celeb home phone numbers, a section on cool computer stuff I can't afford and, best of all, more scams and pranks you can pull off yourself. It's $3 to 105 Thompson St., New York City, NY 10012-3723. ✍ The ***Redneck Riviera Update*** just finished its series on banned drive-in flicks, so now's a perfect time to take advantage of the "10 copies for $2" deal from P.O. Box 446, N. Myrtle Beach, SC 29597. ✍ Boy howdy, do I ever like ***Interesting!*** The newest issue of facts and figures focuses on that stuff on your driveway, free stuff to write away for and which talk show hosts jabber the most. It's $3 from P.O. Box 1069, Bangor, ME 04402-1069. ✍ Issue 4 of ***Time to Die*** covers a Hunter S. Thompson speech, relates a hilarious tale of the author's first drunken stupor and, best of all, introduces "Dan's Torture Page." Send $1 to 611 Capitol Way S. #504, Olympia, WA 98501. ✍ ***The Stalker*** is the "anti-fanzine for anti-fans of Urge Overkill," and while it's no *Die Evan Dando Die*, if you hate UO, you'll like it. It's free if you write to P.O. Box 268173, Chicago, IL 60626. ✍ Part collage zine and part political rantings, ***The Holy Bile*** made me laugh with its illustrated "The Angry Little Man Translates the Bible." Two dollars will get you a copy from 515-916 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC V5Z-1K7, Canada. ✍ I was disappointed with the content of ***The Sinister Urge***, a B-movie zine, but the bad-film cable listings are a treat. A complimentary copy is available from P.O. Box 8001, Louisville, KY 40257-8001. ✍ The ever-amusing Jewish humor zine ***Plotz*** details anti-Semitism from all corners of the globe in an amusing fashion and, earning bonus points, tells Michael Jackson to "fuck off." Send some stamps to P.O. Box 819, Stuyvesant Station, New York City, NY 10009. ✍ I was extremely impressed with the mini-comic ***Moe: Investigator of the Odd***, in which the mild-mannered hero takes on a giant mutant armadillo and grapples with kinetic pies. Cleverly scripted and drawn on an incredibly high level of professionalism, it's even free! So write to 16842 NW Joscelyn St., Beaverton, OR 97006 today. ✍ The first anniversary issue of the comic ***Cork!*** is one to add to your shopping list. In it, Cork watches a movie about black-market babynappers and relates a story from his college days. The art is fun and the jokes are funny. As a bonus, this special issue comes with a mini-comic called *The Stupid Papers* and a toy surprise! Wow! They just don't come any cooler than this. Send $1.50 to Merrell "Root" Hamer, 5938 Old Lodge, Houston, TX 77066.

BOOKS

I'm sure Richard Preston's grown himself a swollen head after the success of his true-life virus tale ***The Hot Zone*** (Anchor, $6.99), but he doesn't have much reason to. Although pretty interest-

ing stuff, Preston has the most elementary writing style I've ever witnessed in a #1 bestseller. The man revels in time-worn phrases, puts himself in the story where he shouldn't and switches tenses within the same paragraph. Rarely straying from the stale noun-verb-direct object sentence format, it's also highly repetitive – maybe this should've stayed a *New Yorker* piece. The entire final section deserves a heave-ho. Contrary to the hype, it's not scary, either. Only on one page where he describes how Ebola liquifies your internal organs until they spill out every one of your orifices does it ever provoke a chill. This book reads like Cliff's Notes. ✍ Junk-film fans will love John McCarty's ***The Sleaze Merchants*** (St. Martin's, $16.95), filled with profiles of and interviews with the master of exploitation cinema. Beginning with such luminaries as Ed Wood and H.G. Lewis, the most interesting chapters focus on the guys who are still cranking it out today (and in record time), like Fred Olen Ray, Jim Wynorski and William Lustig. Great pictures from the not-so-great movies discussed really complement the entire package. ✍ Letterman rules. Leno bites. And the two's wrestling match for Carson's late-night throne is detailed in Bill Carter's ***The Late Shift*** (Hyperion, $12.95) to great effect, with no back-stabbing incident unexplained. One of the better books on behind-the-scenes TV, Carter talks about Letterman's insecurity, which is nothing new, but does reveal a lot about Leno, who's made out to be an emotionless, unfeeling blip. Even though you know how it all ends, this is highly recommended. ✍ Not technically a book, but much more than a magazine, James Taylor's ***Shocked and Amazed!: On & Off the Midway*** (Atomic Books/Dolphin-Moon Press, $9.95) is a first stab in what is promised to be an ongoing series on freakshows and sideshows. In this premiere edition, Taylor interviews the "King of the Sideshows," as well as sword-swallower Sandra Reed. The pictures littered about are excellent. Although I could have done without the fictional short story, I thoroughly enjoyed reading what is likely to become the definitive document for this all-but-lost aspect of American culture. Consult the Atomic Books ad below to order. ✍ Paul Spinrad's ***The RE/Search Guide to Bodily Fluids*** (RE/Search, $15.99) is easily the best book on mucus, feces, saliva and the like that I have ever read. Of course, it's also the *only* book of its kind I've ever read, but that should in no way discount my earlier statement. First conceived as some kind of college project, Spinrad's study surveyed students and other brave souls on their bathroom habits and has compiled the results here. Among the more probing questions include, "Do you fear toilet-water splash-back?," "Do you sometimes briefly shiver in the middle of a long pee?" and "Are you relcutant to pinch a loaf away from home?" (My answers: yes, yes and yes.) While some will find this amusing, others will be offended, yet Spinrad hopes to break down the wall of taboo surrounding natural processes that *everyone* has. Aside from the study results, the book also contains a tracing of bodily fluids through history and popular culture. This should be required reading in college science classes.



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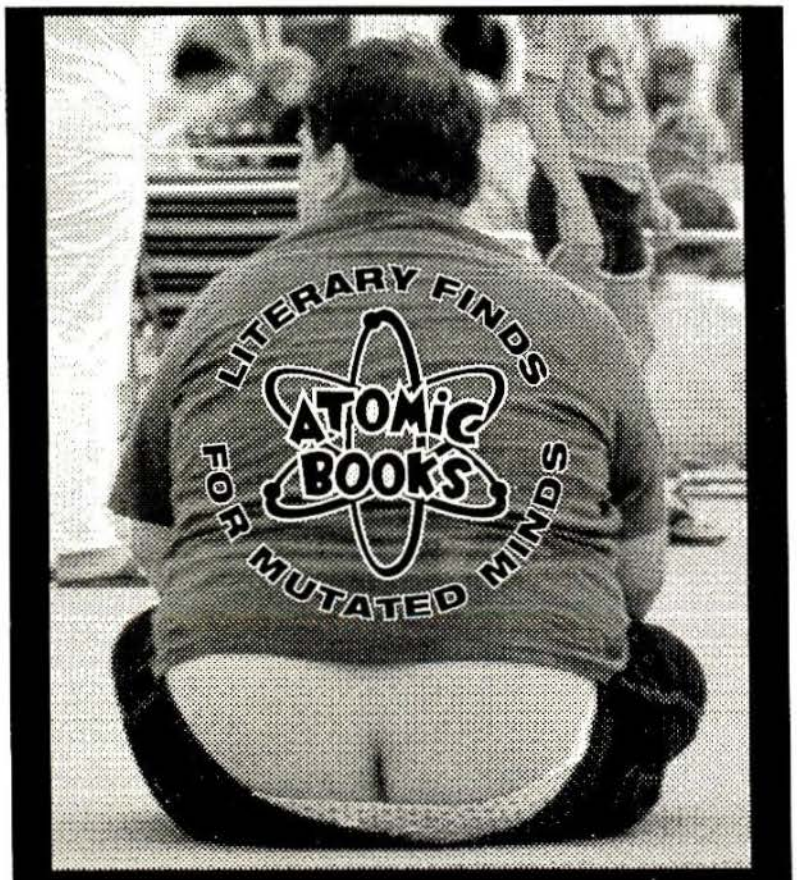

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ANIMAL BITE ALGORITHM

Was the patient bitten or was there saliva contact from the animal to an open cut or mucous membrane of the patient?

No → No action necessary.

Yes ↓

Species of Animal

Is the species a rodent (including squirrels, hamsters, guinea pigs, gerbils, chipmunks, rats, mice) or a lagomorph (rabbit or hare)?

↓

No action necessary. (1) There has not been a positive rodent or lagomorph in over 40 years in Oklahoma. If unusual circumstances, consult CDD. (2)

Is the species a dog or cat?

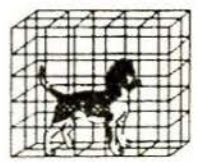
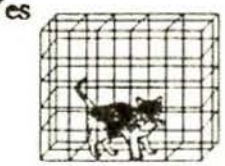
↓

Is the animal currently confined?

Yes ↓

Will the party pay for quarantine of the dog or cat?

Yes ↓

Quarantine animal for 10 days at veterinarian's office. (5)
No action necessary at this time. (1)

No → RIG and HDCV (3)

Is the species a farm animal (such as a cow, sheep, pig, horse, or goat) or a wild animal (such as a skunk, raccoon, fox, ferret, bat, etc.)?

↓

Is the animal currently confined?

No → RIG and HDCV (3)

Yes ↓

Test animal for rabies. (4)
No action necessary at this time. (1)

1. Wound care: all bites and wounds should be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water. Tetanus vaccine should be considered.
2. Consultation can be obtained at the CDD, 24 hours each day at (405)271-4060.
3. Both Rabies Immune Globulin (RIG) and Human Diploid Cell Rabies Vaccine (HDCV) should be given as soon as possible.
4. The animal should be taken to a facility to have head removed and sent to OSDH. Results on heads received by 11:00 a.m. will be available at 4:00 p.m. of the same day.
5. Veterinarians are required to report immediately any changes occuring in the animal. If these changes resemble rabies, the animal will be tested for rabies.

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Pan fried noodles